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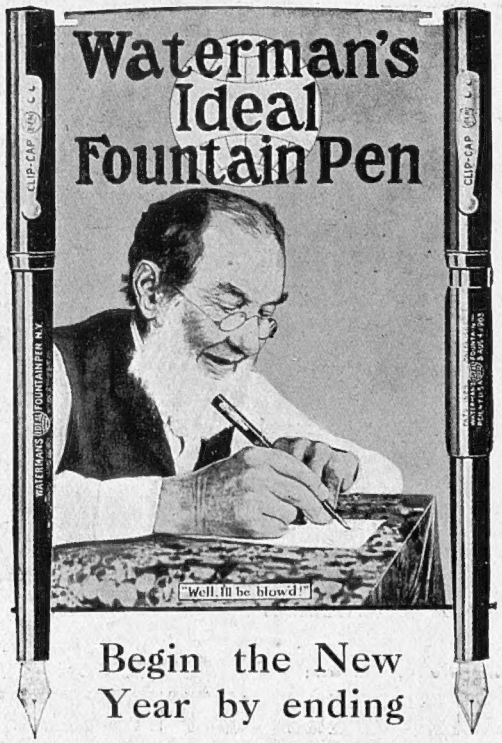

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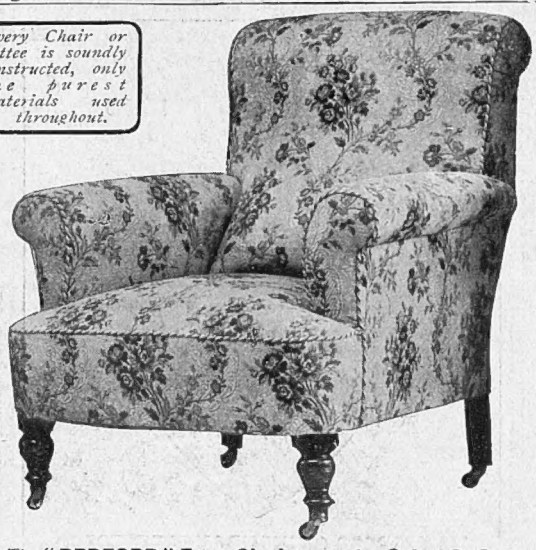

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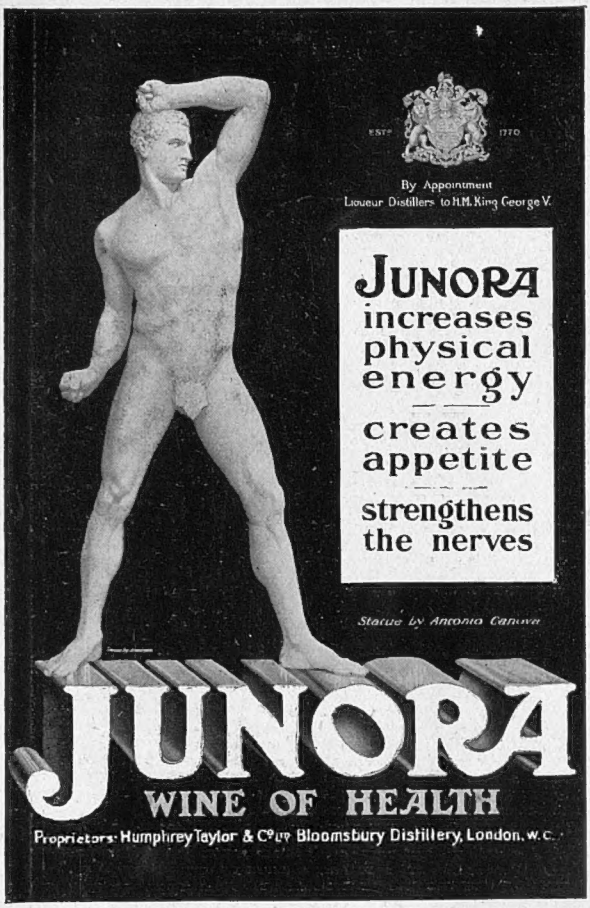

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Politics, Society, & the Drama.

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The BYSTANDER

Photograph *Rita Martin*

EN ROUTE TO TROUBLOUS SCENES

Viscountess Gladstone, wife of the Governor-General of the South African Union, who on Saturday last left Southampton for the Cape. We trust that on her arrival Her Excellency will find that the South African trouble has been got well in hand, thanks to the prompt measures taken by her husband's advisers

ENTERTAINMENTS.

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Brilliant Success of New Revue.
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BYSTANDER COMMENTS

On Various Topics of the Day

WHAT ARE THEY DOING FOR THEIR MONEY?

THE moment when the taxpaying classes of this country are engaged in the painful task of writing the Government cheques about twice as heavy as they should be, in aid of the upkeep of the State, is not an inappropriate one for drawing attention to the extraordinary way in which the gentlemen we pay to look after our affairs perform their various duties.

***

Parliament (cost of Members' maintenance, £268,000 per annum) has now been holiday-making since the middle of August. For five months, its six hundred and seventy members have done absolutely nothing, and have been paid eight pounds a week for doing it, or £160 apiece, totalling £107,200. This, ladies and gentlemen, has come straight out of your pockets, and you have had no return for it of any sort or kind.

***

In addition to paying Members of Parliament eight pounds odd a week for looking after their private businesses and pleasures, you pay certain so-called Cabinet Ministers an average of one hundred pounds a week apiece for the discharge of certain specific duties at certain Government offices. So assiduous are these gentlemen in their attention to these duties that their arrival in London, in which they are paid to work as are other business men, is so distinctive an event that it is actually paragraphed and headlined in the newspapers! Thus during the last week the fact that the Prime Minister (£5,000) has spent a day or two at his office has caused "keen curiosity."

***

Mr. McKenna, on Thursday, actually spent a few hours at the Home Office. The appearance of the Foreign Secretary (£5,000) at *his* office is so remarkable that something is supposed to have gone wrong abroad—possibly as a result of certain utterances by the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Which brings me to what I really want to talk about.

***

The Chancellor of the Exchequer, for whom we are at present writing cheques representing about 4 per cent. of our earnings, is the gentleman looked to by the nation for the business-like management of its finances, so that we spend as little, and save as much, out of them as possible. Mr. Lloyd George may have put in a number of appearances at the Treasury during these last few months. So far, however, as the newspapers are accurate records of his doings, he has been—when not on the Continent—occupied mainly in delivering speeches in various parts of the country in defence of a policy the result of which will not be to *save* the money he squeezes out of you, but more lavishly than ever to *spend* it.

***

Discovering that if money is to be spent on his fancy schemes it cannot be devoted to defence—of which the whole nation approves—the Chancellor of the Exchequer (£5,000), prior to taking a trip to Algeria, delivers an attack on the Naval Estimates. These Estimates were prepared, with the expert advice of highly salaried Sea Lords, by his colleague, the First Lord of the Admiralty (£4,500). This gentleman we find in Paris—busy paying calls on French Ministers. He is not paid to call on French Ministers. We pay an Ambassador in Paris liberally to do that. Nevertheless that is what Mr. Churchill has been doing, in order to explain that his colleague doesn't represent the Cabinet of which he is a paid Minister, but only himself!

Photograph *Kate Pragnell*

LEAVING THE WAR OFFICE TO DEVOTE HIS ATTENTION TO "BUSINESS"!

Colonel Sir Edward Ward, the retiring Permanent Secretary to the War Office, whose retirement is announced for the startling reason given above

***

Now, we maintain a Ministry to preserve the dignity of the country as well as its prosperity and security. What sort of a figure does a nation present of which the one lot of its principal Ministers, between intervals of interfering in the duties of another lot, are distributed over various parts of the Continent engaged in the edifying task of repudiating each other's public statements?

***

Friend the taxpayer, isn't it about time you asked yourself the question what you are getting as a result of the payment of that fat cheque to the Treasury? If not even national dignity, let alone national security, what *is* it?

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (*continued*)

A WEDDING OR TWO

Post-ceremony pictures of the Hon. and Mrs. Freeman-Mitford (left), who, we understand, were married in Berlin recently, and Mr. and Mrs. Vyvyan Holland (right), who were duly united in holy matrimony on Wednesday of last week. Mr. Holland is the younger son of the late Oscar Wilde

Our Riviera Number

The sun is shining brightly upon us this week, for this is our Riviera Number, the centre part of which has, as will be obvious at a glance, been edited on the spot. By means of THE BYSTANDER biplane, however, we have preserved our ubiquity, and you will find that we have been "standing by," as usual, at every movement of the moment that really moves.

***

Back Again

Lord Murray is back from Bogota, and so far he has said nothing whatever as to his share in recent events. As continued silence on his part will certainly prove golden, while speech would be a very inferior kind of metal, I see no reason why he should not continue silent. Of course when the House of Lords meets, Lord Murray may think it kind to give his fellow-noblemen a few evidences of his suitability to sit in their august midst; on the other hand, he may, being now a "business" man, decide to give that impotent Assembly a wide berth.

***

Winston's Wanderings

Putting aside as speculative all the rumours of Mr. Churchill's forthcoming departure from the office which is his principal source of income, it is worth while noting that he left the society of one millionaire (the Duke of Westminster) to stay in Paris with another (Sir Ernest Cassel). The latter is known to be keenly zealous for the welfare of his adopted country, which would be so well served by the return of the prodigal to his family Party.

***

Oh, Kaiser, How Long?

So Germany will have, a little longer yet, to put up with her Colonels von Reuter and her Lieutenants von Förstner, and crippled cobblers and others who smile—or scowl—or betray any emotion whatever in the sight of a soldier will continue liable to be sabred. How much longer our friend Hans will continue to endure this sort of thing only the Kaiser knows.

***

"Das Lächeln ist strengst verboten"

"I do not even want the people to laugh; if that continues any longer I shall allow my men to shoot."—COLONEL VON REUTER.

My dear von Reuter, tell me, pray,
If Monna Lisa strayed your way
And exercised her arts and crafts beguiling,
Would you, then, like a soldier fall
Before those charms that conquered Gaul,
Or would you play the popinjay,
Charge "fest darauf" into the fray,
And, bellowing "Mars rules the day,"
Arrest the dear and dainty dame for *smiling?*

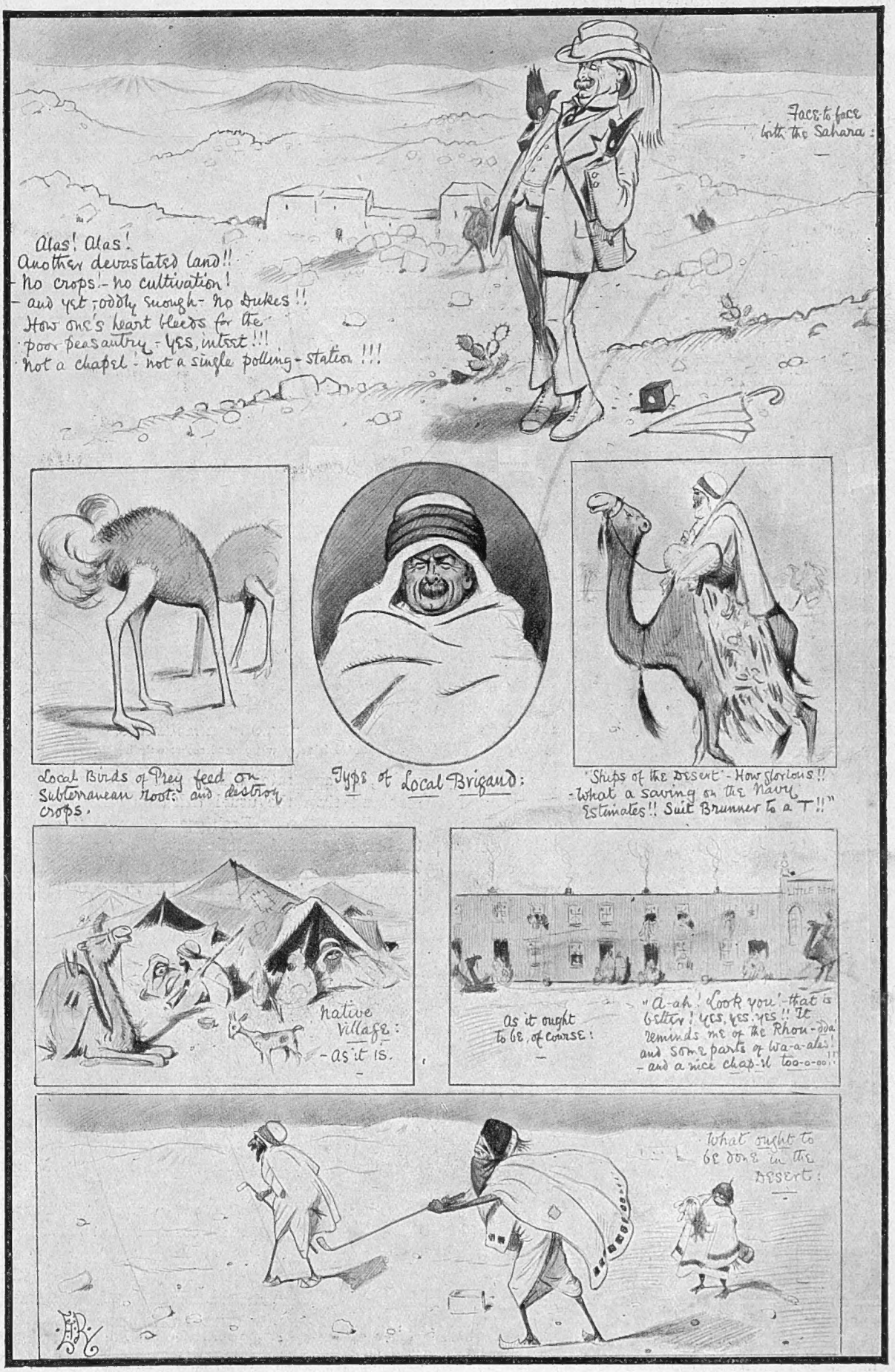
—W. K. C.

(Perhaps it is as well that Monna Lisa was not stolen by a German and exhibited in a gallery likely to be visited by German officers).

LIEUT. VON DONNERWETTER: "Himmel! Smiling! And to my face. This is 'skandalös'!—an insult to the whole army which must be avenged!"

By E. T REED

Ll.–G.–ria



IMPRESSIONS BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. E. T. REED

Some aspects of life in Northern Africa which will certainly have been noticed by the Chancellor of the Exchequer—weather and urgent telegrams permitting!

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (*continued*)

THE "LEARNED" COUNSEL

In the mock "Trial of John Jasper for the murder of Edwin Drood" held at the King's Hall, Covent Garden last Wednesday evening. The photograph shows the Clerk (Mr. Walter Dexter) at the back, and (from left to right) the Usher (Mr. A. Brookes-Cross), Counsel for the Prosecution (Mr. J. Cuming Walters and Mr. B. W. Matz), Counsel for the Defence (Mr. Cecil Chesterton and Mr. W. Walter Crotch), and the Warder (Mr. H. H. Pearce)

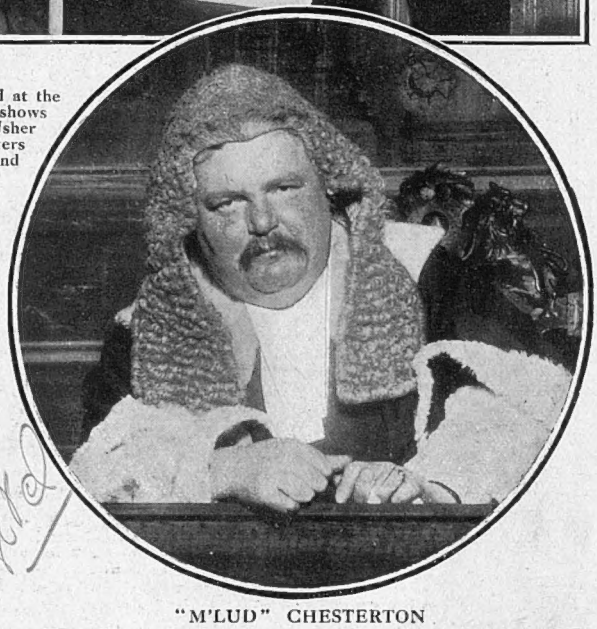
Humours of Murder

I hear that there is great indignation among the serious Dickensians at the frivolous nature of the proceedings at the Edwin Drood "trial." They had expected an earnest and logical treatment of the matter, whereas the business was simply treated as a "rag." As a matter of fact, it missed fire as that, too—in spite of the side-splittingly humorous idea of making fun of a murder trial. The proceedings were very long-drawn-out, and even when Mr. Shaw said "Pass the mustard" in various forms the laughter was only of the polite kind. Personally, I have always found "Edwin Drood" very dull, and perhaps it is best left to the serious Dickensians, after all.

* *
*

Surely a Mistake

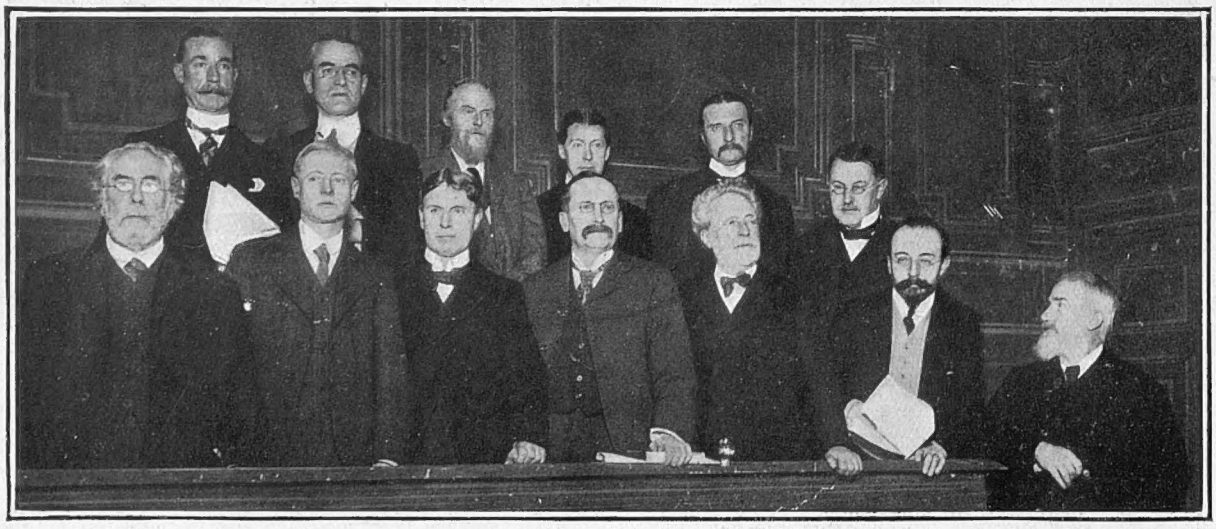
In Town social affairs rule quiet at present, and though the Three Arts Ball comes next week it will not make any great difference. It is, in fact, being run, apparently, mostly for the benefit of certain actors and actresses, who are to form costume groups—



"M'LUD" CHESTERTON

As the Judge (size of wig a dead secret only known to his dresser)

which, at any rate, will probably be better stage-managed than the usual titled or gilded amateurs generally do them. Each group, I read, "will have the limelight on it for a minute." For a minute only? This must be a mistake. Most of the chief actor-managers, including Sir Herbert Tree, are taking part.



TWELVE "GOOD MEN AND TRUE"—AND MR. BERNARD SHAW (THE FOREMAN)

Who would, we feel sure, be the first to deny with vehemence the awful implication involved in the phrase. The above is a group of the thirteen jurymen in last week's mock trial at the King's Hall. The names are (back row, from left to right): Messrs. Coulson Kernahan, Ridgwell Cullum, W. de Morgan, Huntly McCarthy, Wm. Archer, and Thomas Seccombe; (front row) Sir Edward Russell, Messrs. W. W. Jacobs, Pett Ridge, Arthur Morrison, Francesco Berger, Tom Gallon, and G. B. Shaw

The Newest Portrait of the Indian Vicereine

THE TERMINATION OF WHOSE RÉGIME IS NOT UNLIKELY IN THE NEAR FUTURE

Photograph *Jeakins, Simla*

Lady Hardinge, wife of the Indian Viceroy, is one of those favoured few who are personæ gratæ at the Court of both the Queen and the Queen-Dowager. Tall and handsome, and always beautifully dressed, she has been very popular in India. She is a sister of Lord Alington and the Hon. Lady Meux. Owing to Lord Hardinge's health, it is unlikely that his term of office will extend beyond the end of the present year, and at his resignation Lady Hardinge will, of course, return to English Society, where she will be as welcome as she was popular abroad

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (*continued*)

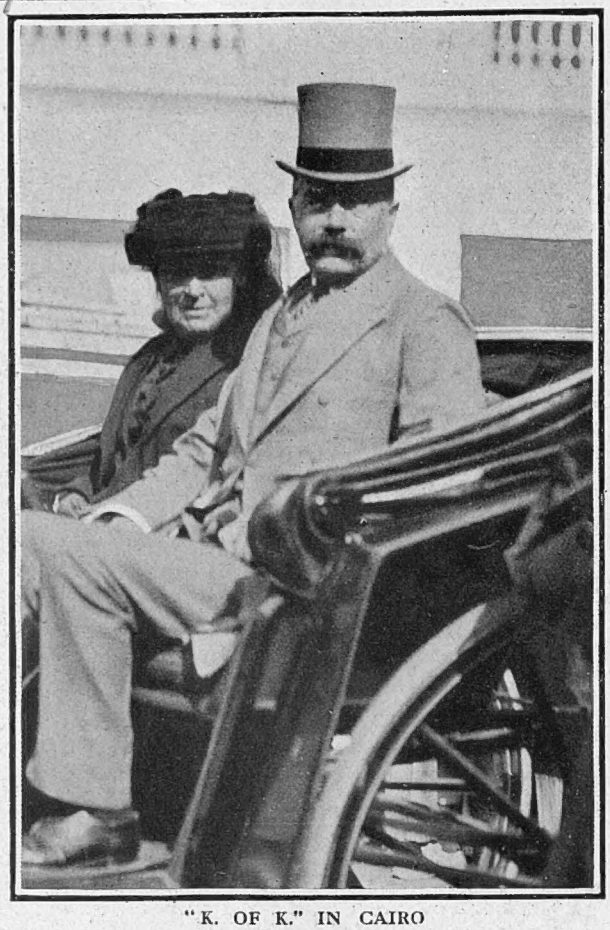
A Dying Convention

The old sheeplike fashion under which now obsolescent "Society" refused to go to the Riviera until the approach of spring seems to have shared the fate of other foolish conventions, and numbers of well-known people are already at Cannes, Nice, Monte Carlo, and elsewhere, although Carnival and other functions do not begin until next month. The Duchess of Marlborough arrived at Cannes last week with her two sons—the Duke, by the way, is speaking on the land question this week in London, in one of that series of not over-inspiring "campaign" speeches which traditionally precede the opening of Parliament.

* *
*

The Chancellor's Tips

Mr. McKenna has just come back from Nice, and Mrs. Asquith is at Antibes, though the Prime Minister remains in England. Mr. Churchill, too, is back from his South of France visit, having just missed, no doubt to his regret, his friend and colleague of the Exchequer, who, owing to his departure for Algeria, was unable to explain to him personally his latest views on naval matters. On his return, doubtless, Mr. Lloyd George will be able to give the Foreign Secretary a useful tip or two.



"K. OF K." IN CAIRO

Leaving All Saints' Church, Cairo, on Christmas Day after the morning service in company with his sister, Mrs. Parker. On his way to the Soudan to inspect the site for the proposed new Blue Nile Dam Lord Kitchener paid a surprise visit to Cairo, remaining there over Christmas

* *
*

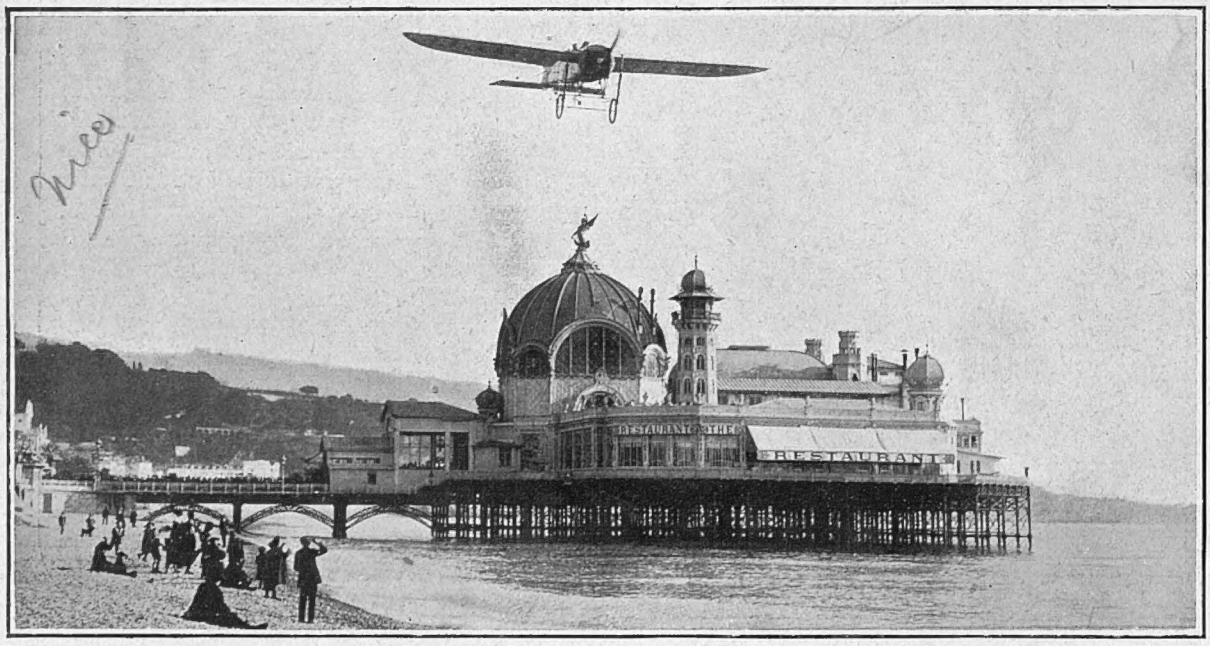
The Washington Touch

Talking of tips, Lord Murray's arrival in England a day or two ago is extremely timely, for he will now be able to attend the Lord Chief Justice's dinner to his former colleagues, at which Mr. Lloyd George will also be present. Whether he will throw any further light on recent transactions by any statement he may elect to make still remains to be seen.

* *
*

Revolutionary

Almost imperceptibly, yet surely, a new fashion in matrimony is growing up. Members of the peerage are actually getting engaged to, and marrying, girls of their own rank! This can hardly be due to any superiority in beauty that the new brides possess over the musical comedy and other "actresses" whom they are beginning to oust from the destiny assigned them by established tradition. Can the



ARRIVAL OF THE MIMOSA "DAILY MAIL" BAG AT NICE—SPECIAL!

Great excitement is caused on the Riviera by the arrival daily at Nice of the "Daily Mail" aeroplanes containing copies of the Mimosa "Daily Mail," the special Riviera edition of the "Daily Mail," in which readers of the "Daily Mail" gain a complete account of events of the world as recorded by the "Dai- . . . ."

Why Mountaineer Abroad?

WHEN YOU CAN BE JUST AS UNCOMFORTABLE ON YOUR NATIVE CRAGS

ASCENDING "LORD DRAKE" (CUMBERLAND) THROUGH DEEP SNOW

Photographs

THE ROPE TO THE RESCUE

Sport and General

AN EARLY START FROM THE HOTEL

The Fell and Rock Climbing Club held its New Year meet at Wasdale Head, Cumberland, recently, when its members had the usual strenuous, uncomfortable, and, we suppose, healthy day on the crags. It is really quite unnecessary for enthusiastic rock-climbers to go abroad for their thrills, as entirely adequate ones are readily to be obtained on the Cumberland Fells, as may be seen from the photograph on the left of this page. The scenery, too, is occasionally quite Alpine, especially after a few days of snow like those round about New Year's Day

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (*concluded*)

M. FRANZ IN "PARSIFAL"

A magnificent performance of "Parsifal," staged in accordance with Bayreuth traditions, took place at the Paris Opera on January 1. M. Franz, who sings every year at Covent Garden during the grand season, was Parsifal. He is represented above in the white cloak in which he made an impressive figure in the last act. Performances of "Parsifal" will be given at Covent Garden early in February

reason be that the latter have been defeated with their own weapons, and that many modern Society girls, even from ducal houses, now outdo in their manner of dress and deportment the most typical representatives of stage fascination?

* *
*

Why?

After all, Millicent Duchess of Sutherland did not go for that biplane trip at Hendon which some of the papers reported as a fact. But why was she so very emphatic and in such a very great hurry over declaring that she had not flown with Mr. Grahame White? Surely an aeroplane flight could not in itself be regarded as any more an offence against the rules of mourning than a ride in a terrestrial motor-car.

* *
*

Princess Arthur

Prince Arthur of Connaught was also the subject of an inaccurate report last week, for many of the newspapers sent him to Welbeck on a visit to the Duke and Duchess of Portland, which, as a matter of fact, was put off at the last moment. The reason given was a slight indisposition of Princess Arthur, described in one source of information as a slight cold. But whatever it was, it was not regarded as affecting her general health in the slightest degree, nor did it make Prince Arthur any less cheerful than before—rather the contrary.

* *
*

Then Paris Laughed

The rush to produce *Parsifal*, set free for general performance at the end of the year, was, after all, the most sensational part of the affair. In Germany, of course, the magic of Wagner's name and memory alone suffice for at least a *succès d'estime*. But in Paris the audience refused to be either entranced or scandalised, and treated the opera with respect rather than enthusiasm—except in the matter of certain mechanical devices whose erratic working vividly reminded Englishmen present of our own Covent Garden.

* *
*

"Much Ado About—" Kikuyu

The Bishop of bold Zanzibar
Short-sighted—as some Bishops are—
  Intoned Hitchy-koo
  To poor Kikuyu;
Don't you think that his conduct's bizarre?

The African Church he has marred,
And the souls he might save will be charred,
  While the good propaganda
  In heathen Uganda
He has now, as it were, Zanzi-barred.

So the Press makes a huge tintamar,
Two Bishops are haled to the bar,
  Our land's torn in two
  By this hullabaloo,
What a joke if the thing's a canard! W. K. C.

Photographs *Swaine*

LIEUT. VICTOR MARRYAT, R.N., AND MRS. VICTOR MARRYAT

Who were married at St. Margaret's, Westminster, on New Year's Day. Lieut. Victor Marryat is a son of the late Rear-Admiral Marryat, C.B., of Downe Hall, Downe, Kent, and his bride (née Miss Charlotte Haldeman) is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Donald C. Haldeman, of the Rockery, Downe, Kent

Sportswomen All

THE ASCENDANCY OF DIANA IN THE SOCIAL LIFE OF ENGLAND AND IRELAND

LADY BETTY BERTIE

Youngest daughter of Lord and Lady Abingdon, whose engagement to Captain Sigismund Trafford has just been announced. Lady Betty is in her nineteenth year, and was one of last year's débutantes

MRS. VILLIERS MORTON-JACKSON

Of Powerscourt Park, Clonmel, a well-known Irish huntswoman and racehorse owner, seen with her favourite hunter, "Sahib"

LADY HELEN CONYNGHAM

Sister of the Marquis of Conyngham, who is breeding, at her residence, Slane Castle, County Meath, a breed of dogs new to Great Britain, known as "Chiens Lougs," or "Police Dogs," natives of Switzerland, where they are used for tracking criminals. Lady Helen is here seen with two of these dogs "Leda" and "Rigo"

MISS HOPE JOHNSTONE

Of Rock Lodge, Trim, the only lady with a nomination for the Irish Coursing Cup. She is a keen follower of the Meath Hunt, and a sister of Mr. E. W. Hope-Johnstone, Master of the Westmeath Hounds

Half Truths About the Suburbs

To the Editor of THE BYSTANDER.

DEAR SIR,—

There is nothing easier, in the present state of our polity, than to attack a certain vaguely labelled portion of the community. A certain statesman thrives on this amiable pastime; but he has been wise enough to choose a comparatively small and widely scattered class, whose resentment is unlikely to be dangerous to him. But "F. T.," in one short page of THE BYSTANDER, quietly condemns by far the largest body of London citizens as decadent, snobbish, without taste, and generally useless. The vague term, "Suburbia" (which has been for years such a splendid stand-by to critics of all sorts) involves nowadays practically all London outside the three-mile radius. That it is, in many parts, dreary, that the architecture is both monotonous and ugly, is perfectly true. But that in no way is the fault of the "Suburbans."

They live there because they have to: not because they want to. "F. T." is careful to confine his (or her) sweeping strictures to what he (or she) calls the "middle-class" of Suburbia. (Incidentally, has any one expression in the English language done so much harm as this word "class"?)

Well, let "F. T." go carefully through the Army List and find how many officers in the army are drawn from the middle-class of the Suburbs; the number might surprise him. Then let him go down one of those typical, quiet, uninspiring streets in Suburbia, lined with detached and semi-detached villas, rented at anything from £30 to £80 a year, and find in how many of them patient, grey-haired women are waiting for letters from sons, nephews or daughters in some distant Colony or in India. Again, the number might surprise him.

And of those who stay in England, and live in the Suburbs? Well, their chief care is to earn a living and to make a home—not an unworthy ideal, surely? Until they are past middle age, they must be at their work betimes in the morning, and they have to struggle in that awful rush homewards by train and tram each evening. They must, therefore, choose their home in an accessible district; and the accessible districts are getting pretty crowded.

They are, by virtue of their work and their needs, much more in touch with the deep realities of life than the self-conscious tribe of Intellectuals, Feminists, Vegetarians and Cubists, who discuss them late at night in West-End Clubs and restaurants.

For grit, cheerfulness under difficulties, and quiet strength of character, this vast inchoate community of Suburbia compares favourably with any in the country. "F. T." blames the typical male Suburban for not going to the theatre, and for sitting at home and "thinking complacently about nothing."

Well, it is open to question whether a man is not wiser, after ten hours of office work in a murky City office, to sit at home than to go to see a banal play from the French, with the wit carefully extracted before importation, or a modern Revue, or, shall we say a Shakespearian production at His Majesty's.

And as for "thinking about nothing," it is probable that he thinks pretty dearly about a good many things; but he does not "give tongue" or rush into print easily, because he still is very English—"For which relief much thanks!"

L. H. D.

Photograph *Central News*

PRESIDENT WILSON'S DAUGHTER OUT WITH THE "ROYAL" HUNT

Mr. and Mrs. Sayre (on the extreme right of the picture), whose marriage took place not long ago, are staying in England, and are here seen at a meet of the West Norfolk Hunt at Houghton Hall, the residence of the Marquis of Cholmondeley. Readers will remember that Princess Mary, the King and Queen of Norway and Prince Olaf have all recently attended meets of the West Norfolk. President Wilson's daughter is evidently desirous that Republican America should also be properly represented in what may well be called the "Royal" Hunt

Her Choice

ARTIST: "I simply *refuse* to wear this dress"
MANAGER: "Alright, my dear, but you take it off at your own risk"

BY VERA WILLOUGHBY

MAKERS OF MOVEMENTS

No. III.—Mr. Frank Brangwyn and the Decoration of Public Buildings

By HOLBROOK JACKSON

Old Masters and New

IN matters of art the guiding motto of this country would seem to be "Better a dead donkey than a live lion," and, if the donkey be a foreigner, so much the better. In proof I point you our readiness to go into hysterics over the threatened departure from our shores of paintings by an Old Master, and our complete indifference at the continual departure of paintings by New Masters. The most remarkable instance of this artistic capital leaving the country may be found in the fact that the larger part of the time of our greatest living artist, Frank Brangwyn, is absorbed by work for public buildings in America. This loss is national, and far more serious than that of any number of old masters, because the latter have generally hung in private galleries, whilst Brangwyn's work at its greatest is public in scope and magnitude, born for the glorification of public life. Even when he paints smaller canvasses and hangs them at the Royal Academy or elsewhere, the bigness of his technique and the inspiring leap of his vision mark him out from the rest. Indeed, the sight of a Brangwyn in an exhibition of pictures made for gilt frames fills one with dismay—like the sight of a caged eagle.

□ □ □

Virility and Size

There is nothing of the dilettante of paint about Frank Brangwyn; he is not out for prettiness, no dainty notions about colour and form have ever dictated to his genius. His art is virile and masculine, born for the public building and public place rather than the private house. We have no other painter with so large a conception of life; he sees the bigness of things, the massed energies of industry, ships and machines and towering girders, and crowds of strong active men, and he delights also in great masses of colour rifled from the near-Orient, and woven into the art of a distinctly British genius. This massive conception even when he paints smaller pictures makes his work out of place in frames. As a painter the wall is his medium: he is our supreme exponent of the art of mural painting.

□ □ □

Recognition at Home

But Brangwyn is by no means a prophet without honour in his own country. Even the Royal Academy has recognised him, and the other day the succession of the presidential chair of the Royal Society of British Artists came to him on the death of Sir Alfred East. Books and many articles have expounded and criticised his art, and he has drawn and kept the appreciation of his fellow craftsmen. Besides this, his etchings and black and white drawings and smaller coloured work have made a wide appeal as smaller wall decorations and illustrations to books and periodicals. And examples of his main and important work are to be seen in the noble decorations on the walls of the Royal Exchange, Lloyds, the Skinners' Hall, and at the offices of the Grand Trunk Railway in Cockspur Street, and the Municipal Art Gallery, Leeds.

□ □ □

Magnitude of Conception

These paintings do not impress merely by their size they impress the beholder by the magnitude of their conception. The wall decorations of Frank Brangwyn are alike heroic in vision, form and treatment. They convey a feeling of power, but that again is not entirely due to their glowing virility of colour or strong composition, there is another quality apart from his unique sense of colour and fine sense of the pictorial element in men and things, which lies in his rare gift of design. For that reason he is at his best when linking up his pictures with public life, when his groups and colours are wedded in the interpretation of life on the walls of some building where men come and go in the interests of far-flung activities and industry. Even the best of his smaller pictures look as if they longed to leave their emprisoning frames for more commanding association with architecture.

□ □ □

A Vigorous Personality

And just as there is an entire absence of artiness and preciosity about his work so there is no artistic nonsense about the man. He is of English and Welsh descent, and was born in 1867. In appearance he is on the small side of medium stature, looking smaller in the vast studio, at Hammersmith, beside his towering canvasses; brown haired, and bearded and eyed, with the fresh complexion of the open-air, the moor or the sea. In the street you might take him for a sea captain in mufti, and I can imagine him talking with common men and enjoying their talk and they his without any reference to art or pictures. The vigour of his work clearly emanates from him, and his pictorial insistence upon the romance of the modern world and mundane things, reflects from his personal concern for life as it is being lived to-day. He is never remote and mystical; he has Celtic blood in his veins, but he is no Celt.

□ □ □

Early Life

And artist though he is and craftsman though he is, and deeply versed in the artistry of the past and present, it is always the vitality of the man that impresses, just as one is carried away by the vitality of his mural paintings. One is not surprised to learn then that Brangwyn came to art from life rather than from the schools. He spent some of his early years at sea, and in visiting foreign lands, and as a young man he was associated with the workshops of William Morris.

□ □ □

Romantic in Theme and Colour

Thus is the man one with his buoyant and vigorous art, in the glow and movement of those epic compositions, steeped in sun-inspired colours which

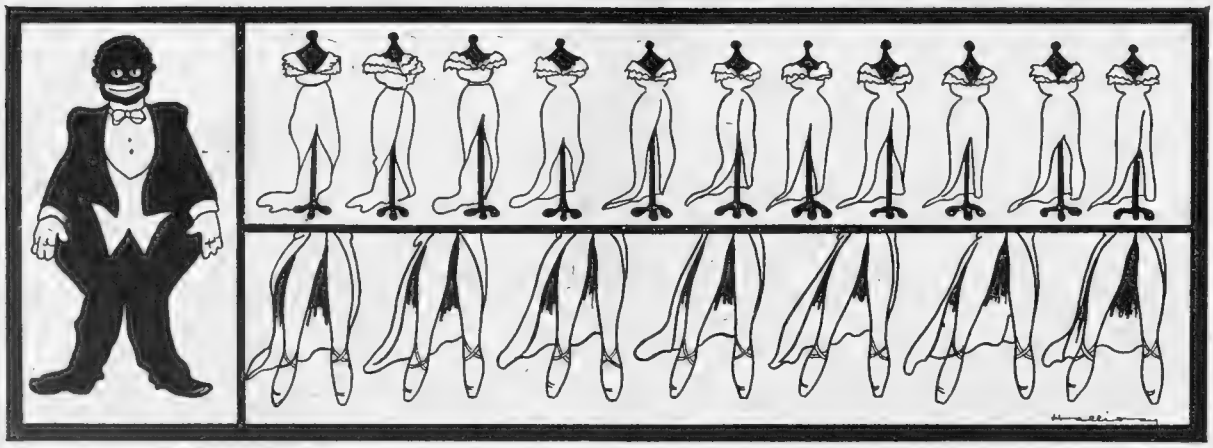
MAKERS OF MOVEMENTS—No. III.—concluded

MR. FRANK BRANGWYN AT WORK
Camera Portrait by Alvin Langdon Coburn

meet and harmonise with the inevitability of the design in a Persian rug. But Brangwyn's colour is always romantic like his theme, even when he leaves avowedly romantic themes and costumes and periods for the equally but unadmittedly romantic story of modern industry. He sees the power and the glory of things in vivid and epic designs which breathe the spirit of adventure and whether he depicts buccaneers on the high seas or workmen in the forges, he convinces you of the joy of life and the endless possibilities of living. Art can do no greater thing than that.

HOLBROOK JACKSON

NEXT WEEK—
MR. GRANVILLE BARKER
BY THE SAME CONTRIBUTOR



Sketches of and comment on all the numerous Revues now touring the suburban and provincial music halls

Musical Comedy and the Young Person

A WORD OF WARNING TO YOUTHFUL PLAYGOERS

[*Our contributor must clearly be understood to be expressing his own views and not those of "The Bystander."*—ED.]

Early Days

WHEN the Bystander-About-Town was a small boy living in the provinces he used, like most other boys and girls, to be taken up to London for the inside of a week to see various theatres. And being born of the most respectable parentage [Advt.] it necessarily followed that of the five or six theatres patronised by himself and his family at least four were devoted to musical comedy. Indeed, the amount of performances of musical comedies seen by him between the ages of ten and seventeen must have approached half a hundred.

Sowing Wild Oats

And to judge by what one sees in London theatres at the present season of the year, the tradition still prevails. Enter Daly's, the Adelphi, or the Shaftesbury, and you will find the dress-circle filled with boys in Eton-collars, girls in white frocks and be-ribboned pigtails, who are being escorted by upper middle-class parents of unexceptionable virtue to form their theatrical tastes in accordance with the standards of musical comedy. It is really exquisitely ludicrous, if you come to think of it. The same parents would probably faint with horror if you suggested their introducing the children to Granville Barker's Repertory ; they might even demur to *Who's the Lady ?* though that is less certain ; but musical comedy is an institution, sacrosanct and so familiar as to have become invariably innocuous whatever its real nature.

Affected Innocence

Now musical comedy is, or, rather, was, one of the few characteristic products of our theatre, often very funny and sometimes really clever. But one thing I never can swallow about it, and that is its supposed innocence. Of course, on the surface it is innocuous enough with its story of a charming heroine married, after the necessary difficulties, to a romantic and noble-minded hero, but I ask any man or woman of the world who knows how and why musical comedies are produced whether he or she really believes in their innocence? That is not to say that people connected with musical comedy are all vicious or even lax, but certainly the atmosphere of musical comedy life has nothing whatever in common with that considered desirable by the upper-middle classes for their children. And yet every Christmas holidays they do their utmost to infect them with it. Truly a curious proceeding !

Disguised Suggestion

Without exposing oneself to the terrors of the law of libel, it is difficult to say exactly how musical comedy is " suggestive." For my part, not being a Puritan, I do not pretend to think that everything and everybody guilty of " suggestion " is worthy of damnation in this world and the next. Still, there is a proper place for everything, and I have seen children —yes, and clergymen and schoolmasters, too—sit through " suggestive " passages in musical comedies that should have made even a hardened sinner blush. True the " suggestion " is nearly always tied up with pink ribbon and put, as it were, inside a kind of chocolate-box with the picture of some baby-faced beauty on the cover ; but it is there all the same. And if you tell me that the children—I am not concerned with the schoolmasters and the clergymen except to think that they are idiots—do not understand, I must beg to differ.

The Atmosphere

Very often, nearly always, in fact, they do not understand consciously, but sub-consciously they must get a pretty clear idea of the gist of what they see and hear. The words, I think, they do not take in very much, but the atmosphere they apprehend better than we do, being more impressionable. And it is just in the creation of an atmosphere of a semi-erotic, semi-sentimental, semi-vulgar, semi-innocent kind that musical comedy is a particular adept. Indeed, it is

Still Hullo-ing

VIVACIOUS MISS ETHEL LEVEY AS SHE APPEARS IN "HULLO! TANGO"

The new revue, "Hullo! Tango," now running at the London Hippodrome, is fuller of fun and frivolity than ever, thanks to the scenery of such an artist as M. Leon Bakst, who has designed much of the scenery, not to mention Mr. Gerald Kirby, Mr. Harry Tate and company. A special word of praise is also due to Miss Ethel Levey (latest portrait above), whose charming figure, costumes, and songs, are as much an asset to "Hullo! Tango" as they were to "Hullo! Ragtime"

just this semi-everything characteristic of musical comedy that causes the trouble. If only, let us say, *The Merry Widow* were as downright as *Die Lustige Witwe* we should not treat it as a family entertainment. Like the Austrians, the Germans, the French, all other European nations so far as I know, we should recognise it for what it is, an admirable entertainment in its proper place, but quite unsuited for domestic purposes.

A Case in Point

I take *The Merry Widow* as an example because it is now familiar to everybody. Moreover, it is extremely apposite. If you think logically about the meaning of the story of Sonia and Prince Danilo you will probably have quite a shock, and if you pause to consider the exact nature of the *locale* depicted in the last act you will certainly hesitate before describing it in detail to your children. Yet a female relative of mine not yet of age attended Daly's no less than twelve times during the glorious reign of *The Merry Widow* a few years ago, and I fully expect that youthful relations of the reader's have done exactly the same thing, and will go on doing it when the latest erotic production from Vienna, that most erotic of cities, comes and sweeps all England into its net. Of course, the whole question starts with the fact that we do not take the theatre seriously at all. We minimise its influence either for good or evil. We never dream of its playing any part in the education of our children. Above all, we are obsessed by the idea that what is intellectually admirable is always dull and by the even more absurd converse, that what is inane is always amusing. So till we become logical I suppose we shall continue to see the Eton-collars and the be-ribboned pigtails in the front rows of the musical comedy theatres during the Christmas holidays. But it is certainly as well that Christmas comes but once a year.

A Bystander About Town

FROM A BYSTANDER'S POINT OF VIEW

IN view of the many doubts and uncertainties to which the Kikuyu affair has given rise, Churchmen ought to be doubly grateful to the *Daily Mail* for establishing one point beyond question. "The pronunciation," says our contemporary, "is Kai-koo-yoo."

* * *

Mr. Lloyd George's travels in the Kabyle country have not, as some people have supposed, been undertaken solely for pleasure. On the contrary, his chief concern has been to ascertain how far the French have succeeded in Afforesting Deserts and Reclaiming Moors.

* * *

En route, Mr. Lloyd George is said to be going to visit the ancient Roman City of Timgad. This, no doubt, will give the Chancellor a capital idea of what London will look like after our navy has been scrapped and the barbarians have taken the opportunity of destroying our metropolis.

* * *

Funny, in this reduction of the Navy question, that the chief antagonists should be called Sir John Brunner and Mr. Chiozza Money. How these Englishmen quarrel!

* * *

Life seems to be becoming more and more complicated in these modern days. Is a man to read a Unionist paper and not be sure that he will get £2 a week unless he loses his leg above the ankle, or to make certain of £3 a week, if his left eye goes, by reading a Liberal journal?

* * *

What we seem to want is a half-penny paper which, without any subtleties, will insure all its readers against gradual paralysis of the brain.

* * *

Cabinet Ministers who have been censured in the Press for risking their lives in learning to fly will henceforward, thanks to Mr. Orville Wright, be able to give a triumphant answer to their critics. Mr. Wright's new stabiliser is stated to have made aeroplanes "fool-proof."

* * *

Those who are fond of tracing a pretty little sentiment even in the simplest of acts will be interested to hear that Lord Murray returned to this country in a liner named after one of the most innocent and upright of men—namely, George Washington.

VAIN REGRETS

MOTHER (to Tommy, who has been smacked for throwing his cap on the floor): "Now do you know where you should put your cap?"

TOMMY: "I know where I wish I had put it!"

By Wilmot Lunt

PRESENT DAY TYPES . . . .

No III.—THE GET-OFF-MY-EARTH CHAUFFEUR.

BY ARTHUR WATTS

Pearls are, perhaps, the most self-sufficient of all gems: certainly, nothing is more suitable to the needs of the modern toilette than their soft milky radiance, so wonderfully reproduced in the beautiful Técla specimens.

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"The Attack" at the St. James's Theatre

BY "JINGLE." ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

THIS is a nice comfortable play, and although it has its mildly exciting moments, there is nothing in it to disturb the beneficent progress of after-dinner digestion. The excitement is no more than a little skirmish between two leading politicians. One of the politicians has a past, and his short-sighted rival actually seeks to dethrone him on that account. Obviously, therefore, the only thing for the first man to do is to find out the weak point in his enemy's armour and thus prove to the satisfaction of all concerned that two wrongs make a right. It has been sagely remarked that all politicians are tarred with the same brush—and the penalty for touching pitch is proverbial.

Alexandre Mérital is a leading French politician, and one day his hated rival, Antonin Frépeau, comes to him with that amiable assumption of friendship that rivals are bound to maintain in the world of politics, and draws his attention to a scurrilous newspaper paragraph which states that in his youthful days the great Mérital once stole four thousand francs from his employer's cash box. Apparently in France such an offence disqualifies a man from political leadership. Frépeau who, as a matter of fact, has himself inspired the paragraph in question, and is running the scandal for his own ends, hopes that Mérital will at once institute proceedings for libel, and all that kind of thing. Politicians, however, are not usually in a very great hurry to get into the witness-box! Mérital simply hunts up Frépeau's record, and finds that he was discreditably associated with the affair of the Corinthia Canal—a subtle reference, I presume, to the great Panama scandal of some years back.

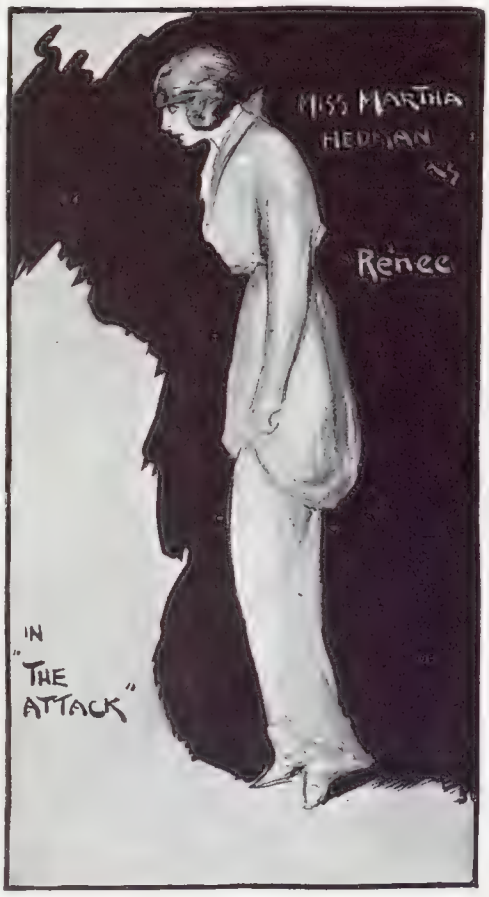
DANIEL AND JULIEN MÉRITAL'S SONS

Mr DESBOROUGH Mr R. MALCOLM

Frépeau has to admit himself beaten in this strange duel of Past against Past, and thus the principal *motif* of the play is accounted for. This *motif* is not only the more important of the two in the piece, but it affords the best opportunity for the actors. Sir George Alexander is quite in his best form as the incorruptible politician whose past has been so cruelly attacked; while Mr. Holman Clark as the unctuously righteous Frépeau is the success of the evening. Assuming that there is any general interest in the small meanesses of political life (and French political life at that) the polite duel between Mérital and Frépeau should attract attention by its great artistic merit. It is such a clear case of *Arcades ambo*, however, that the issue of the conflict cannot be expected to be convincingly satisfactory in any case.

The second *motif* of the play deals with a topic that is much more interesting than a bygone case of youthful larceny. Mérital is a widower with two sons and a daughter, the latter of whom has a nice little friend of twenty-five named Renée. When Mérital chaffs Renée on the subject of matrimony, and suggests that one of his sons is quite eligible, Renée staggers us all by proclaiming that it is Mérital himself that she loves oh, so much! He is, of course, disposed at first to ridicule the notion; but when she comes closer to him and repeats her assertion he begins to think there may be something in it after all. He warns her that he is fifty-three; but her reply is that she wants to marry him just the same. Those of us who are getting on towards middle-age (I am not vain enough to suppose that

HOPE FOR THE MIDDLE-AGED MAN



I am unique in this distressing respect) must find a singularly complete satisfaction in the suggestion that we may still hope to touch a responsive chord in hearts that are young and green. I think I will cultivate a more daring taste in neckties, and reconsider my position. After all, as the old philosopher so wittily said, you never know.

I do not know what could have influenced Sir George Alexander's choice in the selection of this play; but I am wondering if the middle-aged idyll appealed to him specially. I remember some years ago he produced a successful play called *The Man of Forty*. I forget the details after this lapse of time; but the one thing that stood out clearly in my mind was that a man of forty was just as able to be loved for himself alone as a man of twenty, provided he struck the right pitch, as it were. (At that period, forty seemed a terribly advanced age to me, but most of us find it easy to modify our early prejudices with the ripening process of time.) In the present play Sir George seems to have returned to the old theme, the age-limit having been necessarily advanced to suit the different circumstances of the case.

I look forward to the day when we shall have a play at the St. James's demonstrating that even at sixty-five or thereabouts

we may still hope for the disinterested smiles of the young and confiding fair. It looks as if Sir George felt that he had a mission to reassure his maturer brethren that they will have to be very old indeed before they cease to attract the gentler sex; and we should be much obliged for the comforting exhortation. Mérital does not appear to have much money, so that it must be for true love's sake that Renée puts her arms about his neck and makes herself extremely agreeable. I do not know what Eugenists would say to such a match; but, then, if we all did exactly what we ought to do, and nothing else, the world would be an awfully dismal place to live in.

It is to Renée that Mérital explains the full and true details of the political complication in which he has become involved. After smashing the opposition and getting the scandalous charge against him withdrawn, he confesses to this ingenuous girl that as a matter of fact he did steal the four thousand francs at the date mentioned, although there were of course extenuating circumstances—one of which was that he wanted the money. What? I did not, however, find the sordid story of early theft anything like so interesting as the confiding love of a beautiful young girl for a tough and weather-beaten politician. It is true that the politician was represented for the moment by Sir George Alexander who, whatever his age may be, does not look it, and who has besides an abiding charm of manner which makes such a very romantic attachment quite reasonably possible. Renée is represented by Miss Martha Hedman who has already made a success of the part in America.

JINGLE

"WHERE AM I STAYING?"
"WHY, AT THE GRAND HOTEL DE FRANCE, AT NICE, OF COURSE!"

SOSPEL

50 minutes from MENTON

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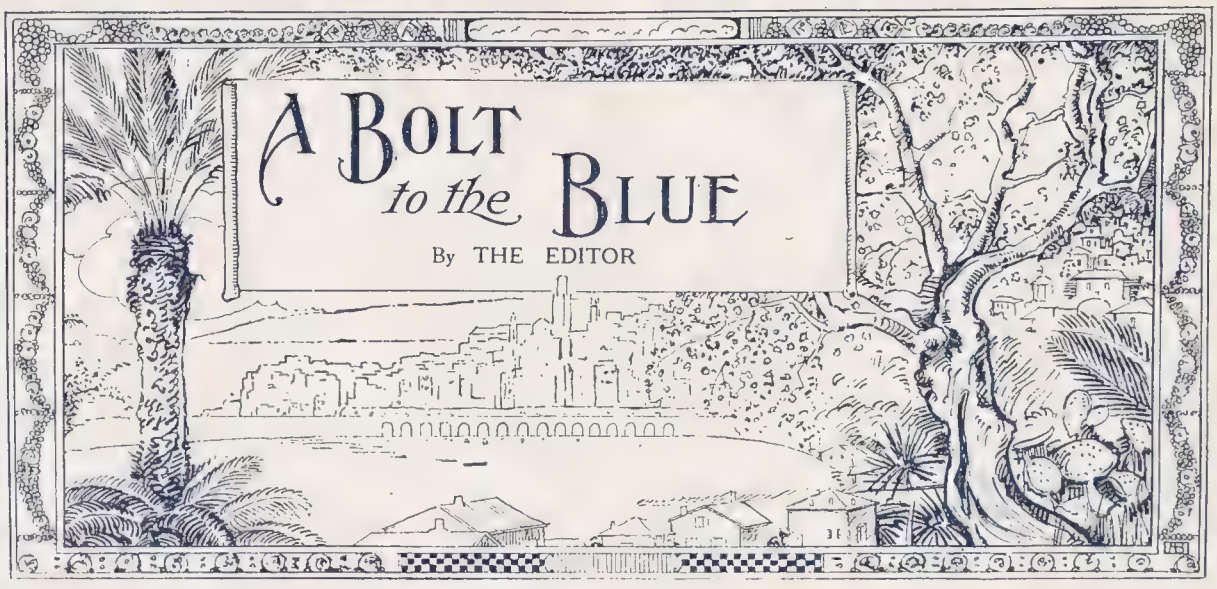

A Bolt to the Blue

By THE EDITOR

HOTEL DE PARIS, *Monte Carlo*

THE staff suggested that both I and they needed a holiday, and that one of us must take it. They said that they supposed there would be a Riviera Supplement once again to "edit," and that the Sunny South was, as before, the right place to edit it in. They supposed it would be possible, with prodigious effort, to say *something* new about the Riviera. That's where they are wrong. It isn't possible, and nobody with any sense would try. Nevertheless, there's always something to be said, new or otherwise, about everything, and armed with a small notebook, a few hard-earned francs, some railway tickets, some bags, and as much tobacco as the French Customs allows, I did as I was bidden, and executed a "bolt to the blue."

The "Chunnel"

I crossed the Channel, under which there is talk of boring a Tunnel. Retired Admirals are writing rubbish to the *Times* against the "Chunnel." They agree that the only persons who really want it are the sea-sick. Nobody ever wants a reform until they've got it and know what the difference it makes to them really is. For once, oh! Admirals, there lies truth in the well of our uneasy stomachs. Out of the mouths of our little *mal-de-Maries* cometh not only sickness, but sense. We want that Tunnel (*c'est le tunnel qu'il nous faut*) because we want to get quicker out of England; we want, once we've settled in a train at Charing Cross or Victoria, to be able to remain in it till we reach Paris, or Nice, or Bâle, or Biarritz, or Blazes. We want to avoid not so much the sea-sickness, which probably, as the Admirals say, does do us good, but the bother of being trained and detrained, boarded and unboarded, baggaged, unbagged, and then rebaggaged: to be able to get to our France, not merely rid of our francs. We want, oh! Admiral, to de-insularise ourselves, and if you want to convince any breathing soul that danger of invasion is likely to lie in the mouth of a "Chunnel" that could be blown to smithereens or flooded by the pressing of one of Winston's buttons, then tell it, Sir, to your Marines.

Friendly Railway and Boat Men

That said, it remains to add that, for the present, and pending the retirement to less active service still of these Admirals, the various companies concerned—our own S.E. and C. to Dover, the Northern of France to Paris, and the P.L.M. thenceforward to the *Côte d'Azur*—do wonders to make the journey as pleasant as possible. While to cross to the Continent is still, to many, a gastric risk, what can be done to mitigate the evil is done. The stewards aboard seem to divine to a nicety the exact moment—neither too early nor too late—at which to offer you a friendly lead to "another place," or something that will enable you to be ill where you are and blowed to it.

Across France

On the other side, I always find French railway travelling most comfortable, if a trifle stuffy. As for the train *de luxe* (*le* sleeping)—well, from Calais to Nice it is home from home, and only twenty-four hours from London all told. You settle, and you read, and you eat, and you snooze, and you smoke, and you read, and you eat, and you talk, and you sleep, and you wake up—at least, I did—to pull the window-blind and find the Sun and pretty little Marseillaises peeping at you where you lie. You either redraw the blind, or—you don't. It's a matter of temperament. If you don't you lie back and watch yourself becoming Rivieranised at fifty miles an hour—you

"My fellow-travellers were of the stiff-and-starchy variety"

realise that you have wakened not from a dream, but into one—a dream of blue and green and gold.

England Not Left Behind

You might also feel that, in the twenty-four hours, you have left England behind, were it not for the English who will come with you—for instance, the smug-visaged idiot in the restaurant-car who on our entering the next stopping-place to Marseilles, fatuously drones out to a grinning companion:

"Toulon, Toulon, the Continong,
The Lights of Killaloo."

and thus fills your ears for the rest of the run with the measure of that melody of your well-spent youth.

Otherwise my English travelling companions were of the stiff-and-starchy variety, which the "Continong," by some strange aberration, nowadays conspires to call *chic*. *Tout-Paris*, a charming new monthly, which I have spent hours in editorially envying, assures me that:

"*L'élégance des anglaises est indisputable.*"

Our Alleged Elegance

My envy of the paper's make-up is as nothing to my envy of its perceptivity. I am a true-born Englishman, willing and eager only to believe the best of my fellow-countrymen, but never is it my luck to see 'em elegant all at a go. Individually, yes. Spots off the "Continong" any day. In twos or in threes, too, if you like. But in bulk, in large masses, I don't care where it is, our newly discovered national "*élégance*" doesn't get me. The idea may be there all right—I believe it is—but the working-out gets somehow wrong. Given a number of elegant French people, they seem to have some tiresome gift to preserve the *ensemble*, to stop up the loopholes against intruders. But given the same number of "*élégant*" Englishmen, and I'll wager a *train de luxe* to a cattle truck that Something from Somewhere will somehow blow in to spoil the whole scheme.

Bedroom Reflections—

I came down a bit in advance of the ordinary seasonites, so am able to sleep in the view-commanding room of the Hotel de Paris, Monte Carlo, in which I write, without having had previously to break the bank at the Casino next door in order to pay for it. It is a room in which something tells me Dukes have slept, and Grand Dukes, even, possibly, Doms, and I hardly like to think who possibly else. . . . The weather, considering that "people" have not yet arrived in really large numbers (there are only two Dukes in the hotel, *one* of them having actually a Duchess with him)—the weather (though it is true I haven't actually seen the bill) is wonderful at the price I expect to have to pay.

—And Views

I look out on a view in which Heaven is represented by an azure sky, the earth by rugged brown rocks, the sea by its azure self, and Man by the Casino. A nice fresh mountain zephyr plays around my feet, and tries to blow my papers about the room—without success. It doesn't mean it. Riviera weather—the proper kind, that you pay for—never means anything but to be nice and warm. Rainy days, days when, hang it all, you know, one positively must go into the Rooms, are only sent because M. Blanc, who saves up for them, must be given an occasional benefit, and as for mistrals, they are only the Riviera showing that, like its patrons—(the Duchess is coming on when the Duke goes)—it has temperament, and loathes to have you say it's "always the same."

Gaiety Defined

Soon, soon, when *you* come down, my dear reader, or send an agent, the scene out on which I look (I've shut out that "zephyr") will be a gay one. Half the dukes will be here and the *other* half of the duchesses. The place will become "gay." By "gay" one means that a number of other people will be about the place, sitting at other tables, eating other meals, walking about, riding in other motors, putting other pieces of money on other numbers, and otherwise doing the same things as oneself, but at the same time. I go to the same place as thou goest, he calls it "the season," we do the same things there as you or ye are doing, and they fill their pockets!

Hotel Chateaux en Espagne

My train was boarded at Nice, and some friends insisted that I should put out there on my way in order to be one of the very first to take lunch at the new Hotel Rühl, the truly beautiful building which has taken the place of the Hotel des Anglais at the corner of the Promenade des Anglais and the Jardin Publique, and which is, by now, I expect, comfortably filled with the right people. It seemed a reasonable request. The lunch apart—excellent though it was—I have got to regard new hotels of this class, each one of which is an improvement on its predecessor, as philanthropic rather than commercial enterprises. True, in the very long run, they sometimes pay their promoters—in cash or in reputation, in this world or the next—but the risk that they will not is great, and for the first few years, at all events, men of the type of M. Bob, the Rühl's most affable director (whom I met some years ago at the Grand Hotel des Thermes, Salsomaggiore) must feel more like castle-holders in Spain than men of business elsewhere.

A Pious Hope

Hotels of the Rühl type have, as you know, exquisite appointments: a beautiful band: they have bedrooms united in holy matrimony to bathrooms, with telephones as a *tertium quid*. They are *tout-à-fait* "It." I live in one fond hope—that is that, one day, a fourth will enter the *ménage*, and that nestling in a soap-dish will be a little tablet of newly born *soap*, and that it will be no longer necessary for the traveller always to have either to bring the little nuisance with him or buy it at the hotel price.

Perditious Motoring

I motored from Nice to Monte, and am alive, practically. Theoretically nobody arrives at Monte by motor alive. A car may, in actual fact, traverse the Corniche safely, but by all the laws of motion it should be smashed to smithereens. Given the usual Rivieran chauffeur, the amazing twists and turns of the road, *and* the trams, and the other cars, and the local peasant carts, and the road-menders, if one makes the journey without disaster, it must be because a visit to the Casino is a worldly experience

"A little in advance of the season"

of which Providence would not rob our lives. (There are, of course, no mere earthly limits to the influence of M. Blanc.) I believe the views on the Corniche are wonderful—the guide-books say so—but I was too busy calculating exactly how much my widow and family would get out of my insurance policies.

Where Really to Stay

The question of where actually to stay on the Riviera is one which I, as a mere bird of passage on pleasure bent, would offer no weighty opinion. For those, however, who would avoid the evils of gambling, I suggest the Hotel de Paris, Monte Carlo, which is next door to the Casino. A place loses its magic when it's next door, and when you look on to it every morning as you pull up your blind, and the man who would walk straight into it were so hopeless a type as to be not worth worrying about. For my part, I manage to get at least as far as the Café de Paris opposite. I might even wander into the gardens or behind the beyond, where "Monte" keeps its shops, or even, at a pull, behind the behind the beyond, otherwise up Mont Agel by funicular, or up to Sospel, on either of which heights is to be enjoyed the game of golf.

What the Casino Knows

Odd idea, that! Coming a thousand miles to get warmth, and, presumably, a rest, and then proceeding to get up a cold mountain to chase a wee sma' ba' that you can chase to much better advantage at home, but there it is! That's what we do: Monte Carlo knows it's what we do, and it has spent countless thousands to enable us to do it. It doesn't want to distract us from the tables, but to provide us with such a plenitude of contrasts that we are *en dernier ressort* distracted *to* them.

"There!" it wants us to say. "We've golfed up above, and shot pigeons down below, and lunched at Ciro's cross the way, and Tango-tead at Rumpelmayer's round behind, and dined at the Paris *chez nous*, *now* what is there to do?"

The Casino knows there is only one answer, and it knows you know it.

"Inspiration" at the Tables

I rouletted carefully this year, as a result of a special inspiration of Providence conveyed to me by the quaint medium of club and restaurant cloak-room tickets. On each one of these I took during the weeks prior to my bolt to the blue appeared the numbers nine or six or both. I concluded, naturally, that these were the numbers on which Heaven specially desired me to play. I was evidently right, the only mistake being as to Heaven's exact motive. *I* thought these were the numbers on which I was fated to win. I now know that they were those on which I was fated (with the best intention) to lose. They were the only numbers which, at no time or at any table at which I played, came up. . . . the ones I should have avoided. I am now studying systems. Having long since abandoned the idea of living to be a Rosebery, I have the hope that I may yet die a Rosslyn.

Our Artist's Impressions

I led my artist friend and fellow-Bystander, Norman Morrow, who was spending a week or two at Nice, into Monte's Casino. What he thought of it is recorded in his own way on the centre pages. Let me repudiate all responsibility. The idea that it was a *gloomy* place was entirely his own, and I can vouch for it that it was *not* his impression after a loss at the tables. He saw people win, but gave it as his considered judgment that these people won more gloomily than the losers lost. He thought the *croupiers* all had the air of undertakers, and wondered what was money to them out of hours?

Gold-Laden Atmosphere

But it remained for a lady resident friend, a woman of imagination, to give me a new idea of the Casino. Had I noticed, she said, that there was an admixture of *gold* in the colour of its fœtid atmosphere? Almost a taste of it in the mouth that breathed it, a mist of it in the eyes? Might it not be that the showers of *louis*, after a number of years, had left a collective legacy in the rooms? I said it might easily be; there was no reason to suppose anything, certainly nothing atmospheric, wa ever allowed to escape therefrom. Phew!

More Motor Thrills

The same lady, who seems to regard it as her special mission to raise the intellectual tone of visitors to the locality in which she annually "villas," drove me, in a motor-car, up to the height behind Menton, to Sospel, where one also golfs, and where there is a new hotel of I forget how many bedrooms, from which, and an excellent *cuisine* on which, to do it. As we went up and up and up, round the sharpest of corners, any one of which on an English road would have been

"I motored from Nice to Monte"

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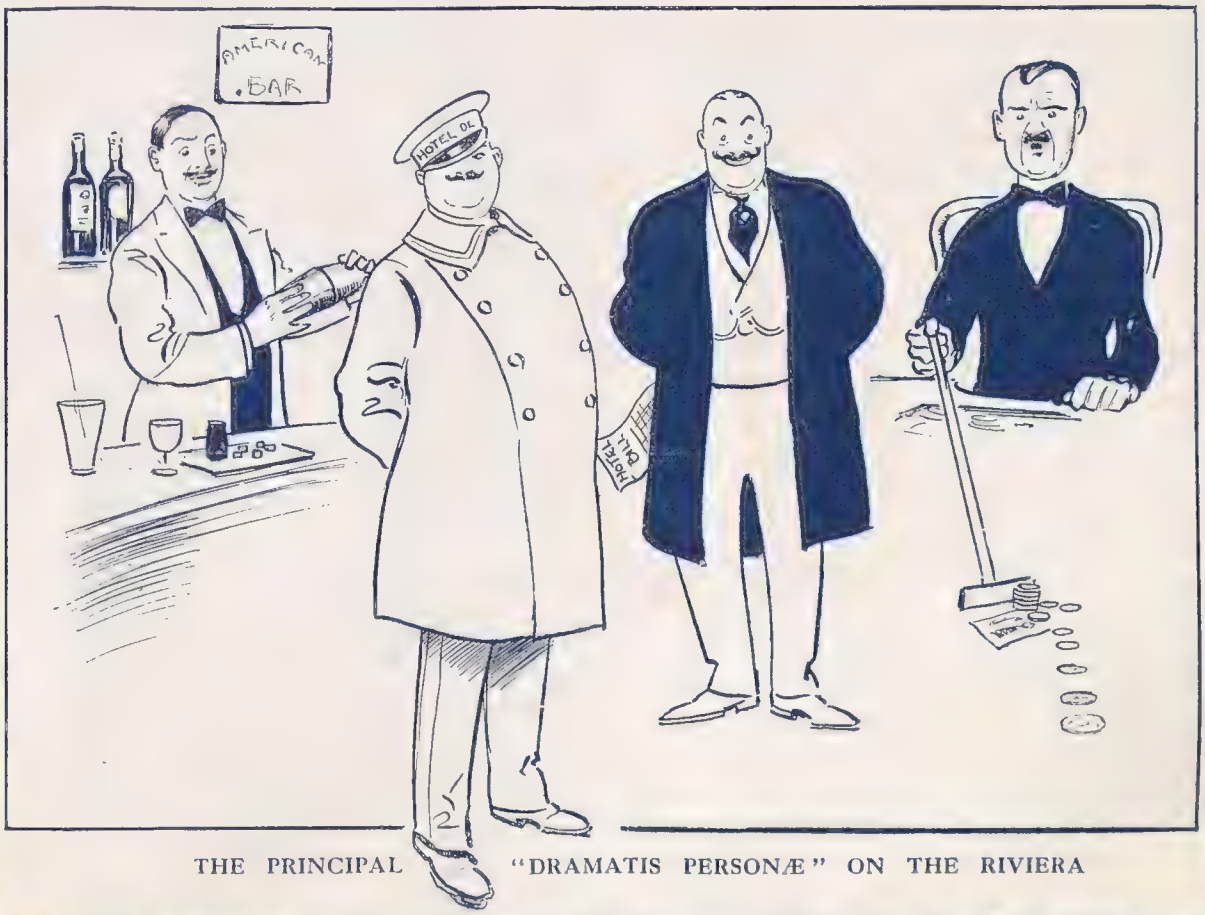
MORNING ON THE PROMENADE DES ANGLAIS, NICE

Morrow au Côte d'Azur

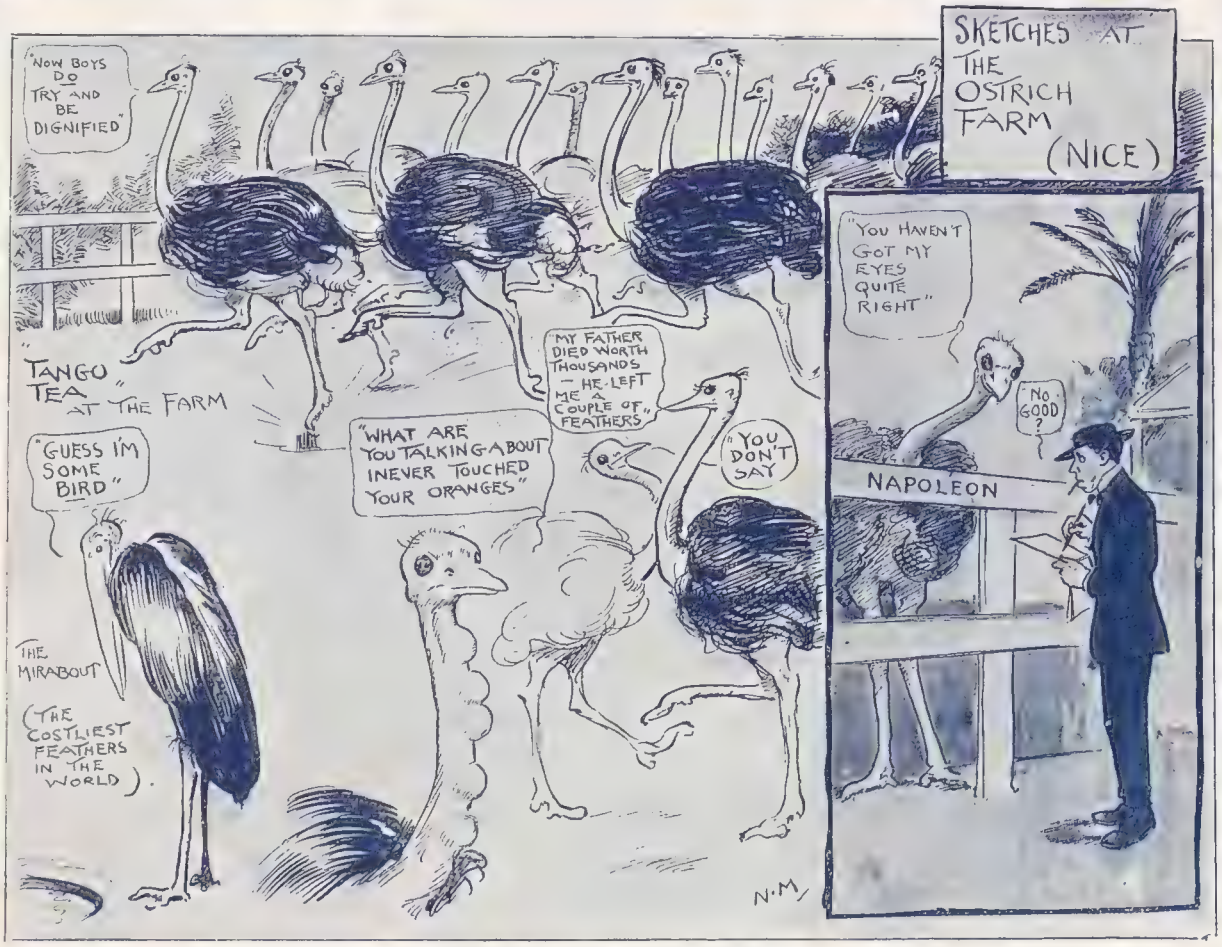
A FIRST IMPRESSION OF NICE



THE PRINCIPAL "DRAMATIS PERSONÆ" ON THE RIVIERA

Morrow au Côte d'Azur

STARTLING DISCOVERY OF AN ENGLISHMAN ON THE PROMENADE DES ANGLAIS



"BIRDS OF A FEATHER"

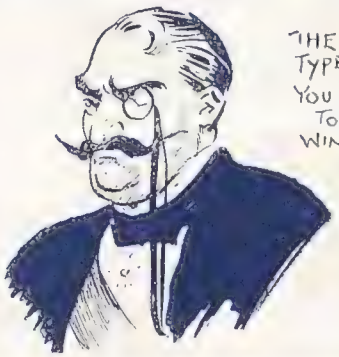
The Ostrich Farm, situated at Calaforlie, a short tram-ride away from Nice, is undoubtedly one of the most interesting sights on the Riviera. Over 100 ostriches are to be seen there at all stages of their development. There is also a show-room for the inspection of feathers. Mr. Norman Morrow became quite at home among the birds during his visit, and drew a number of excellent portraits, as depicted above

Morrow au Côte d'Azur

AN IMPRESSION OF L'AVENUE MASSÉNA, NICE

NICE: A FOOTNOTE

THE JOLLY DETECTIVES
WHO GIVE YOU THE 'GLAD EYE'
AT THE DOOR



THE TYPE OF MAN YOU EXPECT TO SEE WINNING

THE OFFICIAL TYPE
ALWAYS
MERRY AND BRIGHT

AN IMPRESSION
OF
THE ROOMS

EXPRESS

THE
TABL

THE MONTE CARLO CASINO, AS SEEN FOR T

Stay-at-home Britons, who regard "Monte" as among the lighter and more frivolous of Society's rendezvous, will realise, from a gl
countenance, one sees solemnity, suspicion, severity—everything exc

FOR THE FIRST TIME BY NORMAN MORROW

From a glance at these veracious sketches, that it is the exact contrary—a place of almost penitential gloom, where, on the human thing except mirth—even when the person "caught" is a winner!

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The "Avant Dernier"

If there are a few devoted gamblers who start out with the determination of playing the *Massage Forcé*, very few of them persevere ; but the game we come to next is attempted by hardly anyone, yet with a capital of 10,000 units (that is, 50,000 francs, or £2,000) it yields an average win of £60 a day. What other business or speculation would return as much ?

This game, too, is played on the simple chances, and if the player knows no better attack he may adopt the *Avant Dernier*, which in the long run gives a fairly equal number of winning and losing bets. The object of the game is the ambitious one of winning 1 unit for every spin of the wheel, and this result (minus, of course, the percentage paid to zero) cannot fail to be attained if the player has at his disposal the three requisites of adequate capital, patience, and time. The first stake is 1 unit, and 1 unit is staked as long as you continue to win. The first loss of 1 unit must be written down on the card, and as the underlying principle of this progression is that each losing bet must be wiped out by a winning bet 2 units higher, it follows that after the first loss of 1 a stake of 3 must be played. If this stake of 3 be won, the transaction is at an end ; a winning stake of 3 has wiped out a losing stake of 1 ; there has been a win of 2 units on these two revolutions of the wheel, and play is resumed with the stake of 1 unit.

In the Event of Loss

Supposing, however, that the stake of 3 were lost, it must be written down on the card under the first losing 1 ; and the next stake must be 3 again. If that also be lost, there must be a third stake of 3 ; in fact, in case of a series of losses at this point the stake must always be 3 until a 3 be won. When there comes the first win of 3, you strike out with your pencil the original loss of 1, and these two transactions are regarded as cancelling each other. But it may be that three or more losing stakes of 3 confront you on the card, and now stakes of 5 must be played at every coup until all the losing stakes of 3 can be struck out and replaced by winning coups of 5. If, in the attempt to do this, some 5's be lost, then 7's must be played to wipe out the 5 s ; if 7's be lost they must be wiped out by 9's, and so on. The mechanism of the progression is now clear. Each winning bet is automatically 2 units higher than each losing bet, with the inevitable result that when the player arrives at equality of betting with the bank, he will have won 1 unit for each spin of the wheel (minus, of course, the zero percentage, which he cannot help paying).

A Business—Not a Sensation

It goes without saying that with this system the player must not expect to win every day, for he cannot hope every day to guess right as often as the bank does. It is a system which must be carried on from day to day till the object is attained. Nor is it amusing to play. It is a business like any other, and makes no appeal to those who seek emotions at the tables. But that the player undertaking this system seriously and playing it out to the end is certain to win, and to win well, is evident from the nature of the progression itself. It is the soundest and strongest system ever invented ; yet at the present moment there is probably not one player practising it in the Rooms. The game can, of course, be played with the stakes of 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, etc., instead of 1, 3, 5, 7, 9, etc. ; in this case a smaller capital will be necessary, and the win amounts to half a unit per coup instead of a whole one. In the present writer's experience the worst struggle ever entered into with this game was one that lasted for fifty-six hours, in which period the player fell no less than 85 bets behind the bank. At the worst moment, however, the stake played was only 29 units, which shows clearly that any danger of getting near the maximum is quite illusory, seeing that the maximum at roulette is 1,200 units. In actual practice at the tables, and to avoid the intense tedium of struggling on until parity of betting be reached, it is well to limit the gains to 300 units (1,500 francs, or £60) per day, abandoning at that point all higher bets not yet wiped out, and returning to the initial stake of 1 unit.

"Progression"

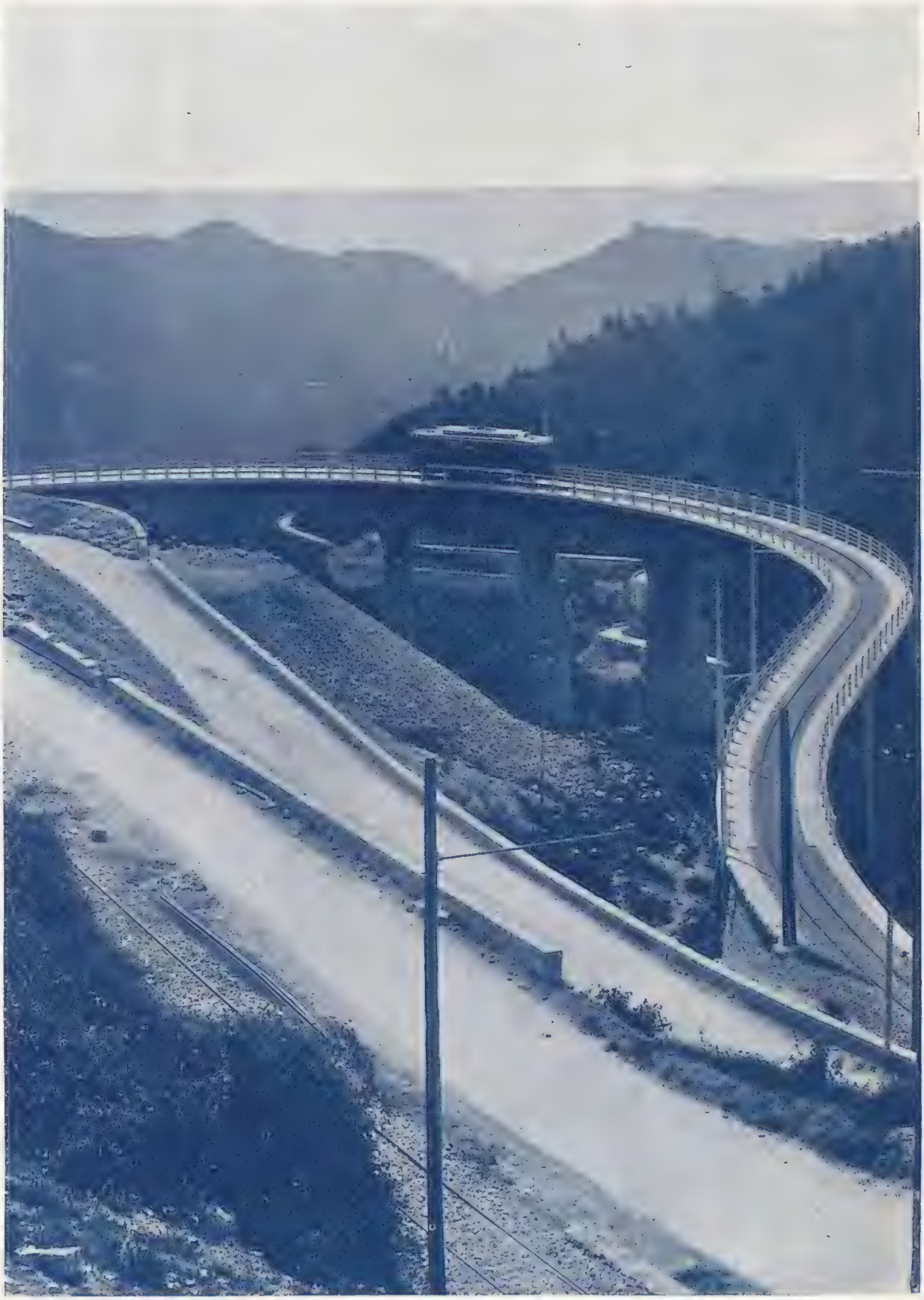
The two systems described base their hope of success mainly on the manipulation of stakes—that is to say, on the skilful use of what the gambler calls "progressions ;" but in the last paragraph a phrase was used which suggests other ways of winning. That phrase was : "To guess right as often as the bank does." That should not be difficult, seeing that at each spin of the wheel the chances are equal as between the player and the bank ; but is it possible to guess right *oftener* than the bank ? There are some—their number is very small—who pretend that it is. But to guess right oftener than the bank it must be admitted that the player can gain some advantage from the choice of coups, that there are some moments when play is more propitious than at others ; in short, that what has passed can serve as some guide for what is to come. Here, again, the mathematicians unanimously refuse to admit the possibility of choosing with advantage. But is the mathematician's judgment any better than that of another if he has not studied the game as it is played at Monte Carlo, where, according to Dr. Pearson, the laws of chance are set at defiance ?

The Casino Overthrown !

May it not be admitted that granting that the single coups are independent, there may yet be waves which obey laws of their own to which the units are not amenable ? Study the patterns formed by the roulette, and it will be seen that these are not, as might be supposed, infinite like the arabesques of a kaleidoscope, but strictly limited in number. There is the intermittence, the run, the *coup de deux*, the two-one (black, black, red), the run following a run, and hardly any more. These are the elements of all patterns. They form, they break, and slide into each other continually. Is it not possible to discover some law governing the formation of patterns which will enable the player to predict what is to come ? There are some who declare that these laws have been discovered and written down, that by their use an advantage may be gained over the bank to the extent of two coups an hour, after first extinguishing the bank's zero commission. If this be true, Monte Carlo is overthrown, and it remains to hope that the victors will be merciful and leave a little Casino gold to be picked up by others. C. N. Williamson.

By Tramway to Sospel

TO WHICH EVERY RIVIERAN GOLFER WENDS HIS WAY



The new funicular railway which takes one to the golf links at Sospel, at an altitude of 800 feet in the mountains behind Menton, at which there is a charming new hotel. The ascent is easy, and the most romantic scenery abounds. A first-rate motor road makes the same ascent—visible on either side of the viaduct

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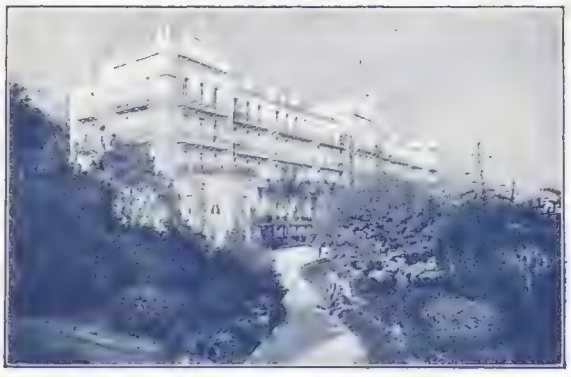

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SPEAKING LITTORALLY: A Topical Causerie

BY THE MAN ON THE SPOT

A Satisfactory Reflection

THINGS as I write are rather slack all along the Riviera, despite the fact that the Arctic weather up north should have sent people down here in their thousands in the ordinary order of things. But the season is late, there is no doubt of it, though for what particular reason puzzles the brains of every *hôtelier* from Hyères to Menton. We have sun to see as usual in any quantity, and if towards evening the air grows nipping and sharper, we merely turn to one another and say: "By Jove, how those poor devils up in London and Paris must be suffering!" There is, believe me, an immense satisfaction in this reflection. It is worth coming to the Riviera on purpose to experience it.

Hotel War

Nice is the liveliest spot at the moment. There are plenty of people at Monte, of course, and the Casino goes on breaking its receipt record, but the best fun is to be found in the capital of the Riviera, which is rapidly growing into a great big city. The aspect of the Promenade des Anglais has changed much since last year when it was defaced by the hoardings that surrounded the Hôtel des Anglais, which were removed in October last to disclose the truly magnificent Hôtel Rühl which, for the moment has surely said the last word so far as hotels are concerned. From its gold-laced porters to its Abyssinian lift attendant in a robe of many colours, it affords an amazing testimony of the luxury of the age.

Who's Which?

It is also the cause of not a little amusement in Nice, for it is waging terrible warfare on the almost equally gorgeous Negresco Hotel some little distance away—a battle in which the ammunition consists of tango teas and *caviare*, of *bécasse au fumée* and *tziganes*. So far, the Rühl, being by far the better situated of the two, looks like "winning out," and in the meanwhile, the public profits by a war in which rates are not altogether unconnected. So there is a fight in which Nice "Society" is beginning to take sides, and before long one will surely be questioned as to whether one is a Rühlite or a Negrescan.

The Travellers' Club

There are great changes at that fine house next to the Rühl which was for years the famous Cercle de la Méditerranée where some of the biggest baccara games known to history were played in "the good old days." With the revolution of Nice from a *ville de saison* into a cosmopolitan city the Méditerranée for some reason or another, fell upon evil times. Luckily, though, the clever people who have made such a huge success of the Travellers' Club in Paris cast their eyes on the house and found it so good that I am actually writing this in the Travellers' Club, Nice, and in one which is already in a flourishing condition.

A Club of Clubs

The idea all along of the promoters of the Nice Travellers' was to provide the place with what it so badly needed, a first-class club run on the very best English lines—and they have carried the idea out admirably. There is a strong cosmopolitan committee; the club is by no means open to everyone; the rooms are fine and cosy; the kitchen is excellent and moderate in price, and the annual subscription is only seven pounds.

Social Rejuvenation

I should not be in the least surprised if the starting of the Travellers' went very far towards the social rejuvenation of Nice. Without it, at any rate, there was precious little chance of reviving the ancient glories of Nice. With it, Nice will certainly attract a set who have given her the cold shoulder for years past. After all, however much of a butterfly one may be there are times when a club is practically a necessity. The

"public rooms"—or even the private ones for that matter—of an hotel are very apt to pall, and it is not good to stay too long in bars which, up till now, have been the chief places of rendezvous in Nizza la Bella.

Two Camps

The Riviera Club, a cosy unpretentious little place, mainly devoted to bridge, which is quite close to the Travellers', is responsible for quite a little social cleavage at Monte whence it draws many of its members, for in the old days the "bridgers" of the Principality patronised the Anglo-American Club at Menton, to the exclusion of all others, whereas now there are two "camps." Feeling is running quite high, and "cuts" are said to be the order of the day.

Another Division

"Society" down here also seems to be divided about another question that threatens to become burning—the inclusion or otherwise in its ranks of a comparatively recent bride who has settled on the coast for the season. Hitherto Riviera Society has scarcely erred on the side of exclusiveness. It has been, indeed, inclined to sin on that of excessive toleration. Some have even been so unkind as to call it a refuge for the socially destitute. So one marvels a little at this new spirit of caution that has apparently begun to pervade the Azure Coast.

The Sporting Club

M. Blanc has now made it an inflexible rule that those who want to belong to the Sporting Club at Monte *must* join the New Rooms. Those, by the way, who mean to make a long stay on the Riviera should get their Sporting Club tickets as quickly as possible, for last year thousands had to be refused "membership," owing to the enormous number of applications and the restricted amount of space. So far, of course, the Club is empty enough, but in a week or two it will be full to suffocation.

Impresario and Gourmet

Up till now full details of the programme of the Opera season at Monte have not been published, but I believe I am right in saying that they will not prove very sensational. The Monte Opera—everyone may not know this—is entirely in the hands of M. Raoul Gunsbourg, who receives £1,000 per performance from the administration with which to provide everything save the scenery and lighting. M. Gunsbourg, besides his reputation as an impresario, enjoys that of being a great *gourmet* and connoisseur of wine. He is not, however, always *persona grata* at dinner parties as he has a somewhat awkward habit of openly expressing his opinion of his hosts' viands and wines! This habit has more than once been the cause of his being convivially ostracised, they say.

Kid McCoy

Mr. Trub, the director of the Gordon Hotels on the Continent, and one of the most active personalities in the Principality of Monaco, is trying to persuade the Casino powers that be to arrange a twenty-round fight between Carpentier and Kid McCoy. The former boasts exactly half the years of the latter, so that the contest, if it comes off, will be one of youth versus middle age. McCoy wants to prove that if you follow certain rules you can keep in training practically indefinitely. His is an interesting personality. He is a fervent New Thoughter, and a great believer in the curative powers of pure water. Maeterlinck and he are great friends, and often meet of an afternoon at the gymnasium at Nice for a friendly boxing bout. If Mr. Trub succeeds in arranging a contest between the "Kid" and Carpentier he will probably provide Monte Carlo with one of the biggest sporting "sensations" it has ever known.

A Unique Position

Apropos of Mr. Trub his is a position which is probably unique in the hotel-keeping world. As President of the Chamber of Commerce of Monaco, he is practically at the head of the local House of Lords, and it is an open secret that he has acted more than once as an intermediary between

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(VILLA DES GROTTES)

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MAPPIN

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Nice Ostrich Farm

The Most Curious Sight on the Riviera.

100 OSTRICHES

Finest Assortment of Feathers, Fans & Boas on the Continent.

THE TRAMWAY TAKES YOU TO THE DOOR.

the Prince and his occasionally discontented subjects. It was really he who got Monte Carlo its golf links, he will probably succeed in getting it polo, and he has already worried the authorities to such an extent that they are providing riders with a Rotten Row. "Jolly" and "funny" are the two words most often on his lips, for he looks upon life as a great big joke. His decorations exceed a score, and he occupies two Consular positions—those of Consul for Brazil at Monte, and Consul for Persia at Cannes. And with all this he manages the Gordon Hotels on the Continent admirably.

Secrets

I learned something, the other day which was new to me, though I have spent so many winters on this coast. The Casino, it appears—my informant is very much "in the know"—possesses a Secret Service Fund, which amounts to no less than £160,000 a year. Its destination is only known to M. Camille Blanc, and one or two others. Some people have it that to this Secret Fund may be attributed the fact that the playing of roulette and trente-et-quarante is prohibited in Italy and France.

Not So Wealthy

M. Camille Blanc is not necessarily, I believe, the wealthy man that he is popularly supposed to be. He holds few, if any, of the Casino shares, and his salary amounts to £8,000 a year. The doctors compel him to lead the simplest of lives, and it is largely owing to their prescribing as much fresh air as possible that he took to racing. When at Monte Carlo he is nearly always to be found in his office at the Casino, in the affairs of which he takes a positively passionate interest, not a detail escaping him. Madame Blanc receives but very few friends a at her villa perched high above the road to Cabbé Roquebrune. She is often to be seen in the Rooms amusing herself at the tables.

THE HOTEL MAJESTIC, NICE

Which, under very able management, is enjoying a most successful season, and is one of the sights of Nice—if not of the Riviera itself

The "Order of Freaks"

The Riviera among the many unique things that it possesses, boasts one in the shape of a fraternity which may well claim to be called original. It is known as the "Order of Freaks," and was founded many years ago by one of the oldest visitors to Nice, a Mr. Marmaduke Richardson, who is a cousin of Mr. James Gordon Bennett. Mr. Richardson, as chief of the freaks, has for long borne the title of "The Duke of Schonberg," and in him is invested the sole power of creating new members of the Order, which is confined to the "Duke's" friends and acquaintances who are possessed of original characteristics. The "freaks," who form the cheeriest of fraternities, invariably greet each other with the salutation "Good evening!" whatever the hour may happen to be, are provided with *cartes d'identité*, possess a decoration, and are the proud owners of a flag which is deposited in the Chatham Bar at Nice. It is in this same place that new "freaks" are generally created, and no visitor to Nice need necessarily be astonished if he enters the Chatham to find a postulant "freak" kneeling before the Grand Master of the Order to receive his "title."

Tango

The tango disease has spread all over the Riviera, and there are tango teas everywhere. Very soon there will

Continued on page 102)

SPRING and SUNSHINE

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Health and Pleasure Resort of Cosmopolitan Rank and Fashion.

International Sporting Club, open, without subscription, to members of leading clubs.

Magnificent Casino, with private Subscription Rooms.

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GOLF LINKS, full course, 18 holes, Club-house, and Restaurant.

Pigeon-Shooting, Steeplechasing, Flat Racing, Motor-Boat Exhibition and Regattas, Motor-Car Parades with Prizes, Carnival and Public Fêtes, Battles of Flowers, Regattas, Aviation, Lawn Tennis, Venetian Fêtes, Fireworks, &c.

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HOTEL METROPOLE, CANNES

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THE SLEEPING CAR COMPANY,

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MONTE CARLO

HOTEL DE PARIS

NEXT TO THE CASINO.

FLEURY, Directeur-Administrateur.

MENTON

THE NEW

HOTEL IMPÉRIAL

PANORAMA VIEW FROM THE HOTEL

The last word in modern hotel comfort and luxury.

300 rooms. 150 bathrooms.

LARGE PARK. TENNIS.

R. C. ULLRICH, General Manager.

A CHARMING VIEW OF NICE FROM MONT BORON

be tango dinners at the Réserve de Beaulieu, while at the Rühl at Nice there is to be a grand amateur tango competition with a magnificent silver-gilt cup as first prize. They tango all over Monte Carlo, and even comparatively staid Menton has its tango teas at the Amirauté. So far the epidemic does not seem to have spread to Cannes, and Hyères also appears to have escaped it, though by the time this sees print it will probably have been conveyed to both those towns.

The Rainbow Press

We are also suffering down here from another disease, this time of the bilious order, for the Mimosa *Daily Mail* has duly made its appearance, and, if we are to believe the Mimosa *Daily Mail*, it has created a sensation. Apart from its colour, which has the unfortunate effect of giving its readers a distinctly jaundiced complexion, there is really nothing very startling about it. It provides the latest telegrams and an item or two of local gossip, and the staff of the London and Paris *Mails* with quite a nice amount of copy at a slack period of the year.

Strenuous Competition

Lord Northcliffe takes an enormous interest in this, his very latest baby, and Mr. Norman Angell (*alias* Ralph Lane) has been spending weeks on the Riviera attending to its multifarious wants. The Mimosa *Mail* is the fourth of these daily sheets to appear on the Riviera. There is the blue supplement of *Le Journal*, the green supplement of *Le Matin*, the pink English daily at Monte Carlo, which with our new friend *Mimosa* truly makes a rainbow Press. Small wonder is it that the advertisement canvasser is not necessarily the most popular person on the coast at the moment. As for the poor journalist his life is not worth living, his terror of being beaten by a rival being pitiable to watch.

Weekly Papers

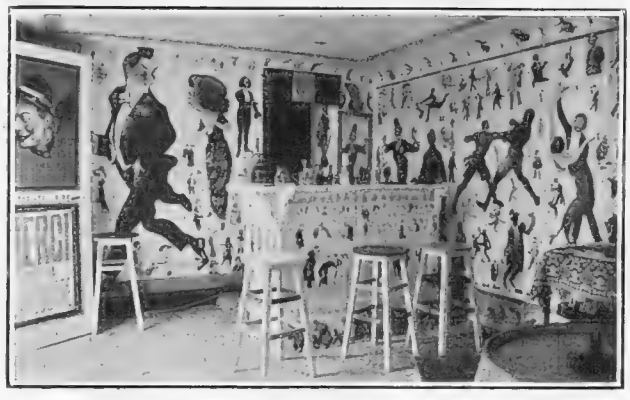
And then apart from this rainbow Press there is journalistic competition and to spare. Two English weeklies are published at Menton, one ditto appears at Monte Carlo, and two more make their bow every seven days at Nice; while the *New York Herald*, not to be outdone by its Parisian rival, wires its chief contents daily to the *Eclaireur*, which may best be described as the *Times* of the Riviera. *Embarras de choix* is quite a mild expression to use in connection with a reader of newspapers in the Sunny South.

Bars

Whether there be any connection between the two I know not, but with the growth of Riviera newspapers has come an increase in Riviera bars. Bars, we all know, are, in London, places where we are not seen. On the Riviera they are the only ones in which we can ever be certain to find anyone. In the old days such discovery was comparatively easy but it has now become a serious problem. In Nice, for instance, there are now no fewer than eight of these institutions frequented by the *jeunesse*—to say nothing of the *viellesse*—*dorée*, and he who begins by hunting for a friend at the Casino and runs him to earth at, say, Negresco's, has to go through quite a strenuous experience.

Odds and Ends

It is not everyone who spends his winter on the Riviera that finds close proximity to the sea agree with him; in fact, the doctors are many who advise anyone of a nervous temperament to keep away from too close a contact with the Mediterranean—a fact which largely accounts for the popularity of that part of Nice known as Cimiez. Cimiez is just far enough from and just near enough to Nice to make it an ideal quarter, and the Messrs. Emery knew well what they were about when they built their magnificent Majestic Hotel which is quite one of the sights of Nice if not of the Riviera.



"LA POTINIÈRE" AT THE RESERVE AT BEAULIEU

The most original bar on the Riviera. It forms the annexe of the Réserve de Beaulieu: its outward appearance is seductive, and its interior fascinating. The walls are plastered throughout with the full-size caricatures of "Sem," and—the cocktails are of convincing quality

The Majestic

The Majestic, is an *hôtel de luxe* of the very first order, with, considering that *luxe*, wonderfully moderate prices. It is exceedingly comfortable, and its rooms are remarkable for their lofty ceilings. The corridors, too, are exceptionally well lighted, and while luxury is anything but neglected "homely" comfort is preserved. The tendency in modern hotel building is to exclude the "public room," but the proprietors of the Majestic have been wise enough to realise that people want "somewhere to sit," and the result is that one can be as cosy in their hotel as in one's own house, or even one's club. The Majestic, by the way, is already enjoying an exceptionally busy season. Its restaurant, under the direction of Neroni of the Carlton Hotel, Vichy, deserves a visit from the *gourmet*, and its billiard room is one of the very few on the Riviera to include an English table

Menton's Emancipator

What bad prophets most of us are! I remember so well when they were building the Hôtel Impérial at Menton how almost countless wiseacres would have it that an hotel of such magnificence was not wanted at Menton, that it was foredoomed to failure, etc., etc. And what has been the result? The Impérial has been in existence just one year and it has already become one of the most popular establishments on the coast. It is true that a good deal of this popularity is largely due to the big following that is the possession of Mr. R. C. Ullrich, who was for so many years director of the Cap Martin Hotel, but even Mr. Ullrich, with his charming personality and knowledge of men and things, could not have made the fortune of the Impérial Hotel so quickly had it not been for its delightful situation and its admirable architecture. The Impérial has already been no small factor in the emancipation of Menton which may yet be looked upon with a very jealous eye by its sister towns of the Riviera.

The Amirauté Restaurant

Apropos of Menton, the Amirauté Restaurant, originated by Mr. Churchman of the Hotel Bellevue, who is to Menton what Mr. Trub is to Monte Carlo, is now under the management of Emilio, once of Ciro's, and afterwards of the Menton Casino Municipal. Emilio is a *restaurateur* who knows his business from beginning to end, and nature has endowed him with a face whose perpetual beam has earned for him the epithet of genial, with which his name is invariably prefixed. The Amirauté is one of the most charming spots on the whole coast, and quite apart from its excellent food, its tango teas, its Harbour Bar, and its tactful proprietor, demands a visit by its sheer beauty.

Grand Hotel, Rome.

Situated in the Highest and Healthiest part of Rome.

Under the direction of the Savoy Hotel Ltd., London.

THE GRAND RESTAURANT is the Favourite Resort of European and American Society. The Spacious Foyer connects the Entrance Hall, the Restaurant, and all the Public Rooms of the Hotel, and forms the Most Delightful Rendezvous in Rome.

CIRO'S

Monte Carlo—Paris—Deauville

ONE after another Ciro's Restaurants have sprung up in the most important amusement centres in France where the *chic monde* is always to be found, viz., in Monte Carlo, Paris, and Deauville. Probably no restaurant in the world has had such success from the day of its opening as Ciro's, Paris. Situated as it is in the heart of the city at the corner of the Rue de la Paix and the Rue Daunou, it appeals as much to Parisians as to the visitors of the Gay City, and with Philippe as Managing Director, so well-known for fifteen years at Monte Carlo and Aix-les-Bains, with Julien and Victor, probably the two best-known assistant-managers to be found in any establishment in Paris, it has not only taken its place as the leading restaurant from the point of view of *cuisine*, but it is the most sumptuous and best-ventilated place of its kind. It must not be supposed that because the establishment is of such high-class that it is not amusing, as *habitués* well know to the contrary, for in addition to being a favourite place for lunch and dinner, it is packed nightly for supper, and all the best-known actresses and leaders of society may be seen nightly footing it on the new parquet floor. The most popular Tango dancers in Paris—Duclos and Gaby—are the principal nightly artistes, assisted by the Solti Duo, recently at the London Empire, and the Australian McLeans, of world-wide reputation. Shortly, however, the Paris establishment will lose Duclos and Gaby, but Monte Carlo will profit, as they will dance nightly at Ciro's on the Riviera, and their place will be taken in Paris by Jarry and Jutta, who are coming with a big reputation from St. Petersburg.

SALSOMAGGIORE, ITALY.

Two hours from Milan on the Milan-Bologne Line.

The most efficacious Salso-bromo Lithia-jodical Waters in the World, 16° Beaume.

INDICATIONS:—Gout, Arthritis, Rheumatism, Ladies' Complaints, Laringitis, Defects of Circulation.

THE GRAND HOTEL DES THERMES

COMFORTABLE. HOMELIKE.

Installations for the Cure on every floor. Large Park, Croquet, Tennis.

Management: ERNEST TH. BOB, Manager of the Ruhl Hotel at Nice.

RIVIERA SHORT STORY

The UNIQUE SYSTEM

By C. N. and A. M. WILLIAMSON

IT was one of those charming shops in Mon e Carlo which sell everything you don't want, and very few things you do; but in the window, among roulette wheels and parasols and purses were displayed a number of sealed envelopes containing "infallible systems." You were informed in large print that by the expenditure of five francs—or ten—you would obtain the secret of fortune. One envelope, however, was different from all the others. It was so different as to seem in a class by itself, and even to surround itself with an alluring aura of mystery. Dick Lane ("Diclane" his friends called him) threw a passing glance, half interested, half cynical, at the attractively displayed "systems"; caught sight of the distinctive one; paused, stopped, and was fascinated by the pale hyacinth colour of the envelope, its illuminated lettering evidently done by hand, its suggestion, in commercial company, of the glorified amateur.

"Système Unique. Prix 1,000 francs," he read in large letters of thick gold with purple edges. Then, in smaller ones beneath, in French: "If after following the instructions contained within, the Buyer is dissatisfied, 500 francs will be returned."

A thousand francs for a sealed envelope! What cheek of somebody. Lane had rather lost his head once or twice in the Rooms, for this was his first visit to Monte Carlo, and the Riviera, but he had not the slightest intention of "throwing good money after bad." Nevertheless, those illuminated words: "After following the instructions contained within," appealed to his instinctive love of romance and things hidden. He walked into the shop, and having paid his entrance by the purchase of picture postcards, he aired his French, inquiring about the hyacinth coloured envelope. Why was it so different from its fellows? Did one often find buyers for systems priced at a thousand francs?

The Monegasque shopkeeper smilingly replied that this was the first and only one he had been asked to sell. "Asked to sell?" echoed the Englishman. "You mean——?" And the other began to explain. Yes, he sold these systems for their inventors. He got a commission, according to custom. But this system in the purple envelope deserved its name, "Unique." He fancied that, as the person who brought it seemed to know little of business, there were no duplicates in other shops. The lady had simply asked him to put it in his window, and had given him a louis, on his promise to place the envelope well. He had placed it well, as Monsieur observed, in the middle of the others. But that was months ago, at the opening of the Riviera season, and there was the system unsold!

"A lady!" repeated Lane. "What was she like? Young—pretty—well dressed—French—English, or——?"

"Not English, Monsieur. French, Italian, Russian, perhaps. But her French was perfect. She wore a veil of what is called chiffon, and through it one had the impression of beauty, though she may have been—not quite young. Her figure was that of a queen, though her black dress was *chic* rather than rich. You see, the seals on her envelope show a baron's coronet. She might, from her appearance be Madame la Baronne."

As he spoke, the man took the hyacinth envelope from the window, and presented its back to his customer. Each end of the square flap was fastened with a silver seal that held a neat impression of a coronet.

"Many messieurs have inquired about this envelope, and how it came here," went on the shopkeeper. "All are young men, of the age of Monsieur himself. That is natural. It excites them. An old person whose blood has cooled, does not glance twice at a packet of paper six inches square, for which he is asked to pay one thousand francs. And the ladies, too: they are economical: they laugh at the 'Unique System' or tell their husbands not to look. Dozens of gentlemen have handled this envelope, and perhaps hesitated, but it has gone no farther. The five franc systems are my best sellers."

"And the beautiful lady? Does she call occasionally to inquire the fate of her venture?" Lane wanted to know.

"Her first call has been her last, Monsieur; but I have seen her pass the window three or four times. She trusts me as an honourable man of business: and if the day ever arrives when her envelope is no longer in my window, she will know, and come to get her money."

"I'll buy the system," said something within Dick which hardly seemed to be himself. He paid with a thousand franc note, and could scarcely wait to escape (romance would not live in that stuffy atmosphere, or in the glittering curiosity of the shopkeeper's eyes) and learn the secret for which he had so dearly paid.

His heart beat as he cut the end of the envelope, leaving both seals intact. Within was a sheet of hyacinth tinted paper, with a baron's coronet, and the first page was half covered with writing, clear, decided, yet graceful: a woman's hand, no doubt: and in moving over the paper it seemed to have left a faint, fading fragrance of violets.

"He who buys this system," Lane read in French, "has tried many others vainly, or he would not have given so large a sum in a last hope of success. Success should mean happiness. Happiness does mean success. To obtain the secret wished for by all those who come to Monte Carlo, and mostly wished for in vain, the purchaser of the Unique System (certainly a man of intelligence and imagination) need do only one thing more. Let him mount on the first fine day towards the hour of sunset, to the *Pointe des Anges*, open a green gate above where he will see the words "Pax et Simplicitas," and descend a narrow path until he reaches a small rocky plateau. There he will see a rustic bench, on which he must sit down.

(All rights strictly reserved)

Before half an hour has passed, the key to the Unique System will be given to him: and (having exactly followed these instructions) if he thinks the secret is not worth the price paid, half that sum will, according to promise, promptly be refunded."

Lane was puzzled, bewildered, mystified. Nevertheless he was fascinated. He had not known what to expect; but he had expected something utterly different from this. The practical side of him said that he had been fooled. The romantic side said that the best part of his high-priced pleasure was yet to come. It might be a trap; he might be more foolish than any doomed pigeon who dazedly fluttered into range of the sportsmen's guns, down at the "Tir." But—if the *Pointe des Anges* existed, he would find it: he would open the green gate: he would sit down on the bench—and see what happened.

It rained that day, and he was forced to wait, since *all* the instructions must be precisely carried out. But he made inquiries, and after failing a dozen times to learn what he wanted to know, he was told by a croupier that a *Pointe des Anges* did exist. It was—strange to say!—a little lower down than the *Pont des Demoiselles*, the parting of the ways for civilians and soldiers under the Fort of Mont Agel. It was not far from the sentimentally named *Pont des Demoiselles*, and could be identified by means of a rock close to the lonely road: a reddish rock, roughly shaped like a pulpit. As for the green gate, it must have been placed since the croupier walked that way.

. . . .

It might have been the gate leading to the humble *campagne* of a peasant, for it was of rough wood, like the palings, and faded to the pale, grey-green of the framing olives. "Pax et Simplicitas": that motto, too, might well have suited a contented peasant. The little brown path winding down between spouting silver fountains, which were ancient olive trees, might have been made by peasant hands, for peasant needs. Lane saw no house, though it was evident that in passing through the gate he had entered some small private *propriété*: but, yes, there was the plateau, and on it, there was the rustic bench.

No one was visible, though Lane had half feared, half wished to see, a beautiful woman, like an alluring spider in her web. There was not a sound, except a sighing of wind, so faint that no trees save pines could hear or answer.

What a glorious sweep of sea, and sky and mountain! The majestic peace of the scene was inconceivable. This was another world from the world Lane had left behind. He forgot in the rapture of lonely beauty, all his own, why he had come and for what he was waiting. He could look down over a gulf of olives, softly blurred in outline as a silver mist at twilight. Against the fire of sunset rose cypresses, like burnt-out torches. Orange and lemon trees, half in blossom, half in fruit, offered gold and perfume. A nightingale hidden somewhere among the first leaves of Spring was like the voice of a man's youth, of his soul and its longings.

What a sweet garden of the heart! And down below somewhere was Monte Carlo with its fierce anxious strivings. Strange to think it was so near to this broken-off corner of heaven. Yet was heaven, maybe, as near the earth—if one but guessed, if one but searched? Lane smiled at the thought: still, it lingered in his mind. And it seemed to teach him something new about values—something exquisite, that it was almost worth having lived, just to know, just to remember. And he would remember—when he went down again to Monte Carlo. He would have learned that on the heights, and in the silver-grey valleys, was the true Riviera, a Riviera that the blasé people who were "tired of it all," and thought everything "spoiled" had not taken the trouble to know. What a beautiful world it was! How could anyone be "tired" of it? He would know after this what to do . .

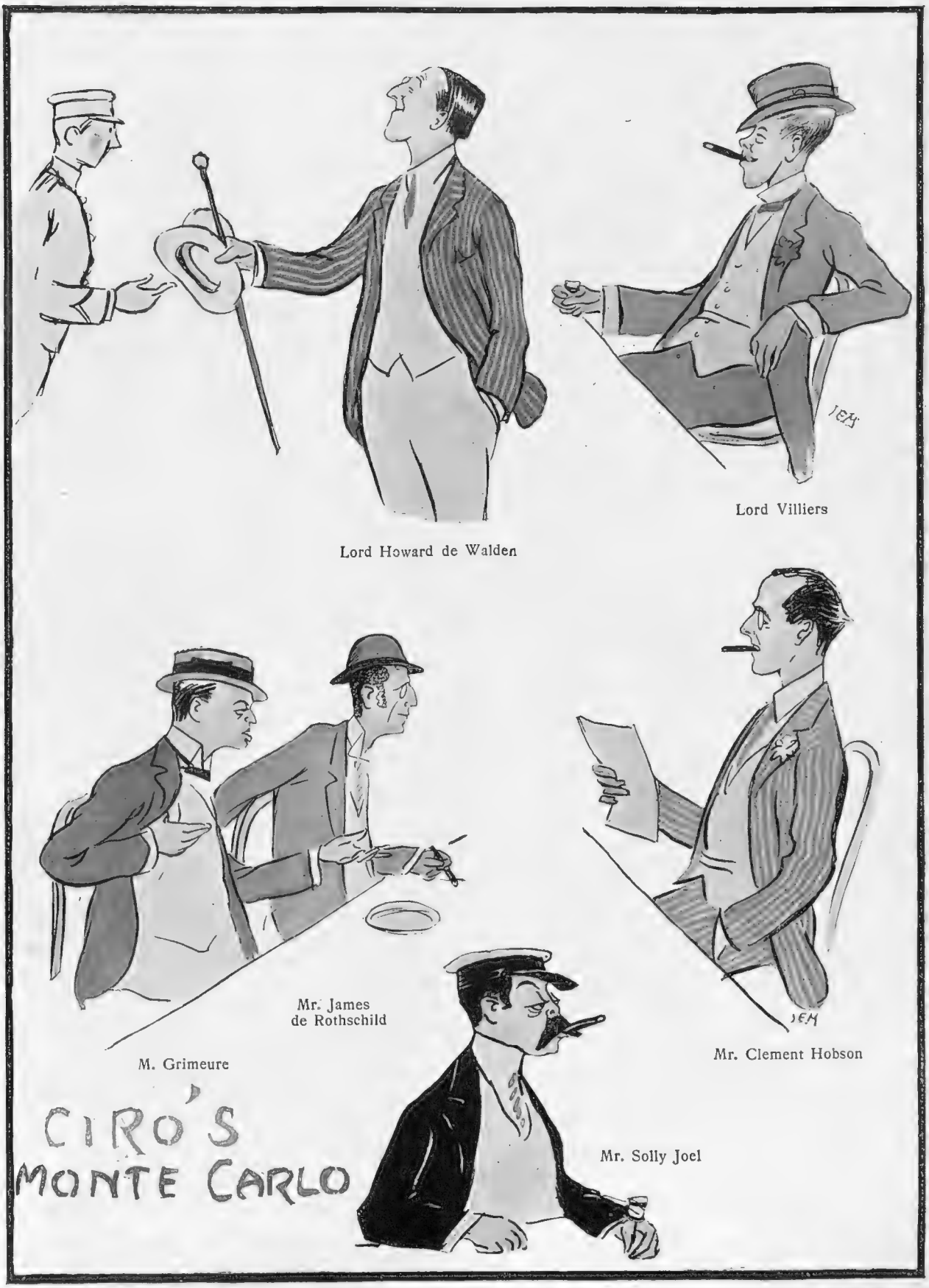
Then, suddenly, he seemed to see words written in purple ink on hyacinth tinted paper: "Success should mean happiness. Happiness does mean success."

Was it only his imagination—recalling the scented sheet—or did he smell violets? He turned suddenly away from the sunset, towards the hillside garden behind the plateau. A woman had come softly down the path, and was standing

A girl was coming down the path, with the sunset shining in her eyes and tangled in the bright web of her hair"

(Continued on page 108)

"Sem" at Ciro's



Reproduced from "Sem's" famous album, "Sem à la Mer Bleu"

(Continued from page 106)

not far from the rustic seat: a beautiful tall woman of middle age, simply dressed in black.

"Monsieur," she said, smiling at him, "I greet you in the name of peace and simplicity. I know why you are here. Has the key been put in your hand? Is it worth the price? Or will you have your money back?

Lane sprang to his feet. "Madame it is worth the price," he answered. "I was in danger of forgetting romance. Such forgetting is a fatal disease. The doctor has earned the fee. Thanks for the medicine."

"It is but made from the herbs, pax et simplicitas, which grow in high places," she said. "The idea came to me one day, as I looked down on Monte Carlo. I knew it would appeal only to one who was young and imaginative, which means worth helping. I was right, when I said to myself, 'You are in no danger. Your "system" will open your gate only to a gentleman.' Otherwise I should not have dared follow my inspiration. We are but women here: myself, the Baronne d'Esterre; my young daughter, and our one faithful servant who came up with us from the north, when our home was broken up by the loss of our fortune, and the death of my husband. Here, we have no friends and no money, but we have all the beauty of the world over our heads and under our eyes. Your thousand francs—the fee for my medicine!—will help us to live. But I prefer to return the promised half, or the whole if my garden of peace has not helped you."

"It has," Lane assured her. "I——"

He stopped. A girl was coming down the path, with the sunset shining in her eyes and tangled in the bright web of her hair. She seemed surprised, almost frightened, at the sight of a stranger, and hesitated, as if wishing not to be rude to a friend of her mother's, yet not knowing what to do.

"In a few moments, my Stèphanie," cried the Baronne, "I will join you."

The girl vanished like a vision.

"I must go in," Madame d'Esterre excused herself. "Sit here as long as you like."

Lane thanked her, and stammered out something, he hardly knew what. Only—*he must know that girl!* This was not simply romantic; it was ROMANCE.

Madame seemed to understand. As she had said, she saw that he was a gentleman. "Some day," she smiled kindly. "If you care enough for Peace to make youself acquainted with it here, you may make *our* acquaintance too, mine and my daughter's perhaps, if you wish later on."

. . . .

Down below, in that little colourful world of fierce anxieties, which to Lane seemed far away, Monsieur Sollier, who had sold the "Unique System," was thinking of the purchaser; also of the inventor, who had taken away her money that morning, leaving him his commission.

"She knows her business, that pretty woman!" he thought with a chuckle. "I never believed it would work, that expensive charm. It was too far fetched. But she knew better than I. She has put the salt on her bird's tail—the young gilded bird of Paradise she wished to bait. Now she will clip his wings. We shall see, we shall see."

There is always a romantic view and a sordid view to be taken of the same thing. The question is: Was Monsieur Sollier right or wrong? Puzzle: Find the answer. But it may be that even Lane himself will never find it.

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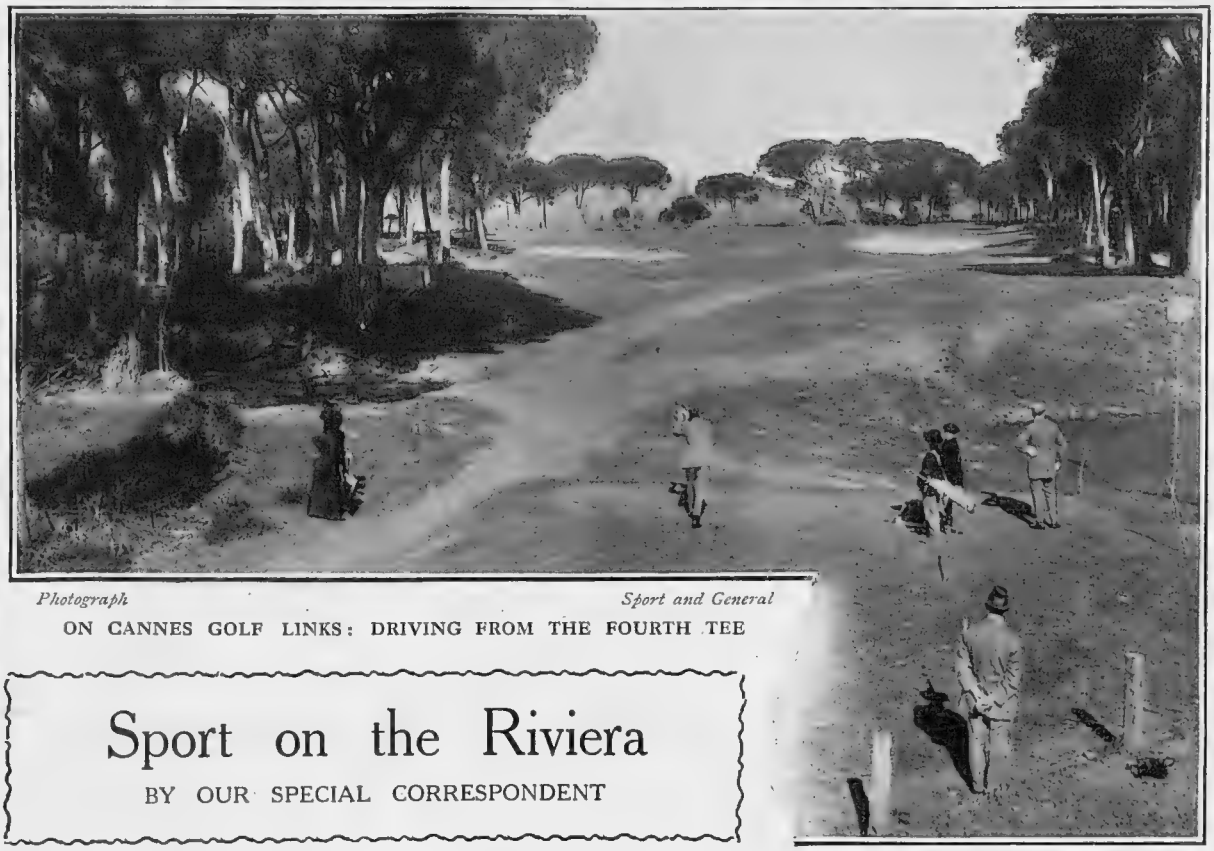


Photograph *Sport and General*

ON CANNES GOLF LINKS: DRIVING FROM THE FOURTH TEE

Sport on the Riviera

BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

Effects of Rain

A TON of snow is supposed to be worth an ounce of gold to the Swiss *hôtelier*. On the Riviera the properties of winter draw nothing but curses. This is especially so in respect to golf courses, of which there are now at least half-a-dozen on the Littoral. Turf in this district has to be nursed as carefully as cucumbers. Rain, of course, is quite another matter. A heavy day of it is really a blessing to golf courses and lawn tennis courts. In England, as a rule, rain has a churning effect on the turf, blackening balls, shortening the lives of rackets, and consolidating all the defects of England's dig-out style. But on the Riviera rain has just the opposite effect. It is the best ointment you can possibly apply to the fine-sanded, well-binding courts under the sun. Half-an-hour after the clouds have rolled away all the water has percolated through. A pair of deft-fingered ball boys run a light roller over the dust-free surface, and the court is nearly twice as good as it was the previous day—I mean it is perfect.

Golf and Lawn Tennis

The sporting season in the South now begins later and finishes later. This year, with a midsummer Easter (or so it will seem on the Mediterranean coast), it should die very hard. Switzerland may draw off a certain percentage of athletic manhood, but the lure of the Cresta makes no impression on the seasoned golfer or lawn tennis player, finding on the Riviera not only consistent conditions, but consistent friends—colonies which regather each year with the regularity of the moon's phasing. Many members of the winter-sport brigade, one may add, have a habit of dropping down their invigorating bodies to the warmer South when the snow begins to thaw and their eyes to blink at the continuous whiteness.

Less Strain

Perpetual motion being the exclusive aim of everybody who goes to Switzerland—of legs and arms on ice or snow in daylight and of legs and arms on parquet floors at night—I have heard some full-blooded skaters and ski-ers declare that the exercise is too severe. On the Riviera you cannot play golf or lawn tennis all day. There are too many other people wanting to do the same thing at the same time.

Concrete Examples

The plea that the Riviera is enervating, and, therefore, inimical to strenuous athletic contests, must be answered by concrete examples. Only yesterday a well-known member of Queen's Club "put in" the following light programme: Nine sets of hard Singles at lawn tennis, more or less continuous; a ten-mile motor dash on a high speed car (a narrow, circuitous route, studded with trams); four hours' vigorous dancing, in which all the modern and more violent developments were executed. Early next morning, alert and eager, he was on court again!

Aristocratic Players

Nice was formerly the headquarters of lawn tennis on the Riviera. That distinction must now be given to Cannes. Here there are now eighteen courts—three at the famous Beau Site, where the game was first planted on the Continent way back in the 'eighties; ten at the Cannes Club, which, like the All-England Club at Wimbledon, will soon abandon croquet altogether; and five brand new courts at M. Rühl's Carlton. At each of these groups there is a first-class professional coach. Cannes is now the great training ground of aristocratic players—players who are not first-class, and may never be first-class, but whose zest is unimpeachable.

The Navy from Within

NO. III.—" DE MORTUIS —— "

By A NAVAL OFFICER

NOTE.—*Each of these sketches is intended to show some side of Naval life, which is missed, as a rule, by the outside author.*

"IF you really imagined," said the Commodore, "that by catching the seven-forty-one train from Bradford you would arrive at Portsmouth Town two hours later, I can only say that you must be mentally deficient, and therefore——"

"When ah were oop i' Bradford Station——" began William Henry, attempting for the fourteenth time to repeat the story of his fall from virtue.

"Three days pay, three days leave stopped, fourteen days number ten!" snapped the Commodore who had a short way with leave breakers.

"When ah were oop i' Brad——" wailed the unfortunate second-class stoker.

The voice of authority cut him short.

"Three days pay, three days leave stopped, fourteen days number ten, about turn, double MARCH!" shouted the Master-at-Arms, and, before William Henry had recovered from the shock, he found himself out of the Court Martial room, down the staircase, and out on the parade.

"Ba goom!" he muttered, "ah'm fed oop wi' this!"

And he determined there and then to quit His Majesty's service at the earliest possible opportunity.

True, he had only given the Navy a short trial, but during his time many things had happened which William Henry by no means approved of. For one thing, they made him wash and keep himself spotlessly clean, an indignity which made even Bradford and hunger seem desirable. For another, he was forced to work, which, if anything, was more unpleasant still.

Certainly the food was good, and a hammock comfortable. Also, there were no holes in his clothes.

But what were these things compared with being drilled up and down the parade ground by an irate petty officer, and ordered to shave every day instead of only on Sunday mornings?

Besides, even his messmates made life miserable for him. They objected to his getting drunk on shore, and giving the Navy a bad name, and they refused, point blank, to join him in little expeditions which had as object the hustling of terrified women and children off the pavement, a regular and highly humorous pastime in which he had often joined at Bradford.

No, he did not like the Navy, and, under the circumstances, decided to act promptly.

A quiet moment in the mess-room allowed him to collect fourteen and threepence ha'penny, and an aged silver watch from the ditty box of a wealthy, but careless, messmate, and an unwatched moment when the petty officer of the north gate was deeply engaged in prodding a laundry van for concealed contraband, allowed him to steal safely into the outside world.

It was raining heavily, and so William Henry, with a strong dislike of water of all descriptions, quickly took shelter in the nearest public-house. There he consumed much liquid refreshment, and an hour later, after a forcible argument with the potman as to the exact definition of insobriety, was ejected gently, but firmly, and deposited in a large puddle of water outside.

From this he rose hurriedly, and, rendered momentarily sober by his wounded feelings, proceeded somewhat uncertainly by devious paths until he found himself at last on Southsea Common.

There sleep descended upon him, and, regardless of the rain, he selected a suitable tuft of grass for a pillow, and lay peacefully down.

An hour later a Naval patrol, warned by a roaming policeman, found him and removed him forthwith in a handcart to the Naval Barracks.

Arrived there he awoke sufficiently to take a renewed interest in his surroundings, and, having been propped up against the wall of the police office, was interviewed by the officer-of-the-day.

"If yo' shes as ah'm droonk, Sir," remarked William Henry, in answer to the officer-of-the-day's bald statement of fact, "yo're a rotten judge!"

Without hurry, and yet without hesitation, he shot out his fist, and hit the surprised lieutenant on the end of his aquiline nose. With a horrified yell, that officer produced a handkerchief, and with a muffled cry of "Make him a prisoner," disappeared into his own room.

So they took William Henry, and put him in a clean little cell to sleep it off.

The Duty Master-at-Arms prepared the list of charges against him, and attempted to calculate what William Henry's punishment would be by the Admiralty scale. The result was too stupendous for his mental powers. He gave it up.

Meanwhile, William Henry wooed sleep in vain, and finally decided, after much consideration, that he was very ill indeed. Therefore he rang his bell, and an annoyed prison corporal appeared.

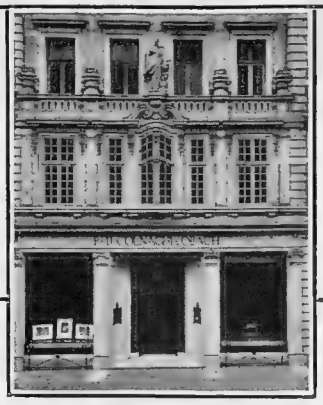
"You dry up!" said the corporal curtly; "you can see the doctor when he comes round, and not before."

So William Henry held his throbbing head, and cursed the Navy until the Staff-Surgeon made his appearance, and, after a rapid glance at William Henry's flushed face, promptly ordered him to the sick bay for treatment. There they put him in a cot, and arranged for him to be removed at once to Haslar Hospital.

"Double pneumonia and complications," said the P.M.O. "Too much water outside and too much beer in. It serves him jolly well right!"

Still, he was very gentle with William Henry, and took great care that the cot should not be bumped as it was carried downstairs to the waiting ambulance.

The Enhancement of Bond Street



A NEW GALLERY FOR PAINTINGS, DRAWINGS, MEZZOTINTS, ORIGINAL ETCHINGS, ETC., OF ALL PERIODS.

WITHIN the past few weeks the attention of passers-by has, no doubt, been arrested by the imposing new premises which have recently been completed at 144-146, New Bond Street, and which unquestionably lend additional charm to a thoroughfare world-famous and for centuries synonymous with all that is superlative in the world of art. The architects, Messrs. Lanchester and Rickards, have observed no slavish adherence to any particular style or period, but finding inspiration in some of the best features of several they have evolved a design at once conspicuous by its elegance and originality. The shop-front has been treated with becoming simplicity, consisting of four pilasters dividing the two windows and central entrance, and supporting a plain entablature with the name of the firm in bronze lettering. On the first floor the treatment is, however, rather more ornate in character; the windows are enriched with carving, while on a blind-balcony extending across the *façade* stand four vases and, in the centre, an exceptionally fine figure symbolising "Painting." Altogether, the originality displayed in the design of building renders it one of the most imposing in the thoroughfare, and reflects no little credit on the architects who were responsible for its conception.

The photograph of the premises embodied in our heading is reproduced by the courtesy of the Editor of the *Architectural Review*.

GENERAL VIEW OF ENTRANCE HALL

Behind this elegant exterior lie the new galleries of Messrs. P. and D. Colnaghi and Obach, which we venture to predict will soon become widely known as a popular rendezvous for all true and discriminating lovers of paintings, drawings, mezzotints, original etchings, etc., by the old and modern masters of all periods.

Crossing the threshold of the premises one is immediately conscious of a subtle atmosphere of dignified artistic restraint suggested by the scheme which has been followed in the decoration, something entirely new and original and far removed from that garish and overcrowded appearance which is, alas! only too commonly noticeable in many galleries of the present day. The decoration of the walls of the main entrance hall is superbly carried out in walnut, panelled with rich tapestry, right up to the frieze-rail, the frieze itself being of cream relieved at intervals by oblong windows of ground glass protected by bronze lattice-work of elegant design. The electric light fittings are of antique bronze, and the unique arrangement of the lighting, carried out partly on the new reflected principle, with the lights set in inverted shell-shaped globes, gives a delightfully subdued effect, and contributes much to the general harmony of the apartment.

Leading off right and left from this main hall there are four small galleries, with walls in tapestry and upholstery to match, walnut woodwork, and suspended bronze tubular reflectors for lighting purposes. Three of these galleries are reserved principally for the exhibition of important canvases of old masters, as well as examples of the more modern schools.

Descending a short flight of steps on either side of the main staircase we find two model rooms of considerable interest. The one on the left is in the style of the Tudor period, and an exact reproduction of the famous room at South Kensington Museum. It is richly oak-panelled in the "linenfold" pattern common to the period, with a lattice-work bookcase let into the wall, the old-time window recesses, latticed windows, quaintly raftered roof, and open stone fireplace; the floor covering, upholstery, and drapery being of a deep royal crimson. The neighbour of this on the right is an apartment decorated in the style of the Renaissance period, with a beautiful ceiling of modelled plaster-work in grey and gold with frieze to match, an elaborately carved door in walnut, and a quaint high bow-fronted fireplace in stone and terra-cotta tiles, built into a corner of the apartment.

Returning to the Entrance Hall we find on the first floor, access to which is gained by a private passenger lift fitted for the convenience of visitors, an attractive room in the Georgian style with a colour scheme of pale green and white, the walls being richly panelled in silk brocade. The fireplace is of marble with steel dog-grate and fittings, and over the doorway are some fine ornaments after the style of Grinling Gibbons, worthy of special notice. This room is designed for the exhibition of fine English mezzotints and coloured prints.

The treatment of these various period rooms has been faithfully carried out in detail, and without exception they are permeated with the atmosphere of the times they represent, and thus the paintings mezzotints, engravings, and prints which adorn the walls — all of which works are, of course, contemporary with the style of the apartment in which they are hung — may be inspected and chosen under the best possible conditions.

At the top of the main staircase is situated the principal gallery for exhibition purposes, where at the time of my visit the Firm had on view a very attractive collection of English mezzotints in the finest states. In addition to the galleries already mentioned, we find, on the first floor, the Firm's private reference library, and the rooms of the principals', all of which apartments are beautifully treated in walnut.

These galleries of Messrs. P. and D. Colnaghi and Obach are truly well worth a visit, and those of our readers who are interested in art—and for that matter even those who are not (because their interest and admiration could not long be withheld)—would find a visit to 144-146, New Bond Street, a most pleasant experience.

D. M. M.

But, even so, the patient moaned unhappily, for neither the cot, nor the ambulance, nor the steamboat, nor the hospital train, all of which had been specially ordered for William Henry's benefit, gave him much satisfaction. He was too ill to notice.

Then at last he disappeared within hospital walls, and the barracks forgot him, with the solitary exception of a certain lieutenant with a damaged nose.

A week later William Henry performed the only creditable act of his existence. He died. And his death brought him once more into the limelight. The Inspector-General regretted to have to inform the Commander-in-Chief that Official Number J. 1234, William Henry Hodgers, Stoker Second Class, had died of pneumonia, and requested that the funeral might be on Thursday. He also announced that he had informed the deceased man's relatives.

The Commander-in-Chief, in due course, informed the various ships and establishments of this sad fact, and requested the barracks, in accordance with Port Orders, Article 193, to furnish the requisite funeral party and chaplain. The ensigns of all ships were to be half-masted from half-past two to half-past three on the day of the funeral.

Consequently, all sorts of people began to take an interest, for the first time, in William Henry.

A gunner's mate, twenty-six men, and a bugler, cursed solemnly on being told off for the ungrateful job of funeral escort. A petty officer and eighteen men swore, impolitely but forcibly, on receiving instructions to constitute themselves as a gun carriage's crew, whilst thirty unhappy second class stokers, officially invited to attend as mourners, promised heartily to bash in the head of the next of their messmates who showed any signs of quitting this life.

But more than all these, with a finer and a more educated flow of language, and a grip of invective, which astonished even himself, cursed a certain lieutenant whose nose bore distinct signs of a recent battering.

"If this doesn't put the lid on it!" he informed the senior watch-keeper. "First of all the blighter breaks my nose, and now I have to turn out on a wet day and bury him. It's enough to make a saint swear."

And so, not being a saint, he cocked his badly bruised nose into the air and swore very heartily.

* * * * *

It rained with a steady and unhappy persistence which reduced the funeral party to pulp before they reached the hospital, and there they were compelled to wait for three drenching quarters of an hour in an unsheltered courtyard, because the gun carriage was already in use. All this they blamed on William Henry, and his soul might well have been seared by the things they said about him.

At last they formed up and marched off at the slow, with the firing party leading, carrying their arms at the reverse, followed by the gun carriage with its bedraggled White Ensign; then a solitary cab, which contained William Henry's mother, and, finally, the thirty odd official mourners, who, it is to be feared, were mourning far more for themselves than for William Henry.

They reached the cemetery at last, and trooped dripping into the little church, whilst the chaplain read the burial service. Then they proceeded to the grave-side, and all that was human of William Henry was committed to the earth. The funeral escort fired their three volleys into the air, and the bugler wailed the "Last Post."

And, all the while, William Henry's mother, torn though she was to the depths of her little hard working soul by the death of her son, could not forbear a glance round at the serried mass of mourners and the glory of pomp and circumstance which surrounded the funeral.

If it could only have taken place in Bradford, she thought, the neighbours would have realised then how great a man her William Henry was.

"How they mun ha' liked 'im," she murmured, as the funeral party shivered gloomily, "to ha' coom o' this way for his funeral, an' i' th' rain, too."

The ceremony was over. Quickly and reverently, but none the less eagerly, the bearers, the funeral escort and the mourners were marching away through Haslar Cemetery. A moment later and the officer in charge of the party would be gone, too. She acted upon the impulse of the moment.

"How gradely o' thee to ha' coom," she told him with tears in her eyes. "Ah s'pose tha were i' charge o' our Willyum Henery, an' tha liked 'im?"

The lieutenant was cold and miserable, and his cocked hat had ceased to cock in any direction whatever. It hung bedraggled over his eyes.

In other circumstances he would have indignantly denied any connection whatsoever with William Henry. But now he looked into the mother's eyes, and he understood.

"Of course I liked him," he said, gently.

"Ay! 'e were a gradely lad." The mother's voice shook, and she buried her face once more into her sopping handkerchief, "a gradely lad," she sobbed.

Then the lieutenant did a curious thing. He bent down and put his arm around the little woman's shoulder.

"Yes, he was a fine lad," he whispered. "You're right to be proud of him."

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A Bookish Book

The price at which some books are issued is, to say the least of it, rather odd. There are books of varying merit, printed on heavy and expensive paper with margins as wide, as somebody once remarked, as a public building, possibly illustrated books, which you can read comfortably in half an hour, and the price asked may be a guinea or more. On the other hand, there are good books, of more than average length, which are issued to the public in the first place at a really popular price. Such a volume is Sir W. Robertson Nicoll's *A Bookman's Letters* (Hodder and Stoughton: 4*s.* 6*d.* net)—a book whose outward appearance suggests half a guinea or fifteen shillings as a not unreasonable price. As it is, *A Bookman's Letters*, which runs to 430 pages, and you wish that there were more, must be about the cheapest new book issued for some considerable time.

"Claudius Clear"

Claudius Clear's correspondence by now is widely known, and needs no recommendation. These new *Letters* of his are of various kinds. The book opens with some memories of Meredith, who, on one occasion, spoke on the same evening as Thomas Hardy at a meeting of the Omar Khayyam Club — surely an historical moment of which any club may be proud. Then follow papers on Lord Rosebery's literary method, on Watts-Dunton, on Besant, who was a great character in his way—to have seen him bathe before breakfast, as I used to see him every day, was enough to know that he must be a great man; he bathed like nobody else has ever bathed—on Jane Austen, on Richard Garnett, one of the most lovable men of the last generation, and on Swinburne. Several papers towards the end deal with that curious personality known as "Mark Rutherford," who so recently died. And there is a delicious piece of work called "The Art of the Reviewer," which I, as a log-roller, have, of course, taken to heart. The book is one of the most interesting collections of literary essays of to-day, and it is pleasant to record its great success.

Photograph *Russell*

MR. R. A. SCOTT-JAMES

Whose latest book, "The Influence of the Press," is reviewed on this page

"The Influence of the Press"

Sir W. Robertson Nicoll is one of the few authors capable of writing the "History of the Press." One day, let us hope, he will do so. Meanwhile the Press forms the subject of more than a single volume. The latest book of the kind is Mr. R. A. Scott-James's *The Influence of the Press* (Partridge: 3*s.* 6*d.* net), an interesting account of the Fourth Estate not only in this country, but also in America, where the newspapers are both extensive and peculiar. "I have made no attempt," writes Mr. James, "to tell amusing stories of editors who have outwitted Cabinet Ministers, or correspondents who overheard the confidences of Sultans." On the other hand, he has plenty of interesting information to give, and some opinions of his own. In the present state of our education, there remain thousands of good people who believe a thing because they see it in print, and while they retain that agreeable belief, the influence of the Press should not, I take it, become less. But this is joking about an important subject, and Mr. James is serious. There are many shrewd things in his book, which, like *A Bookman's Letters*, is published at a very low price.

A Book of Hats

It is now possible to become learned upon the subject of ladies' hats, for Mrs. C. S. Peel has published *The Hat Shop* (Lane: 6*s.*), and given the thing away. After reading her story, you will know exactly what to do if you want to buy, sell, make, destroy, or alter hats. If you are a man, hat-trimming competitions at theatrical garden-parties will no longer present the slightest difficulties. You will merely go to the party with Mrs. Peel's novel and follow her instructions. If you are a woman and set up shop, you will know the right kind of young lady to engage as head saleswoman. You will even, I expect, be able to know instinctively whether your customer is a payer or an "ower"—the owers are, apparently, in a majority—and when you have had enough of it you will marry Sir James Hirst or the richest baronet of your acquaintance. There is so much to learn about hats that one is apt to forget that Mrs. Peel's book is a novel and not a work of instruction, but through these agreeable pages runs a gentle love-story, and there are country-house scenes which make a pleasant contrast to the worries and bustle of the hat-shop itself. In fact, you have come to the end before wishing to do so, and that is a compliment to Mrs. Peel's skill.

RALPH STRAUS

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S.H.B.

RACING: Coming Season's Outlook. By CARBINE

Sir John Thursby's Pair

Who is to be the most lucky owner in 1914? Mr. J. B. Joel and Mr. Edward Hulton have had a very good run of success during the last two or three years, and I suppose they will both again be prominent in the coming season. Sir John Thursby seems to hold an excellent chance of winning at least one or two of the coveted classic races. His colt, Kennymore, showed signs last autumn of developing into a really great horse, and it is quite possible that on the morning of this year's Derby we shall find him as good a favourite as The Tetrarch. It is the general impression that Kennymore will be seriously handicapped if we have a very dry spring and early summer, because he is an exceptionally heavily topped colt who is likely to be severely jarred if the ground is on the hard side for long together. I should say that there is very little doubt as to his stamina.

Will He Win the Double?

Many good judges are of the opinion that while Kennymore may possibly be backward on May 27, the date of the Derby, he will quite possibly come to his full strength in the autumn and win the St. Leger. Sir John Thursby's hopes of capturing the One Thousand Guineas and the Oaks centre in Torchlight. I was asked the other day by a well-known racegoer what the odds would probably be against Kennymore and Torchlight bringing off the great Epsom double—the Derby and the Oaks. It was a difficult question to answer, for the colt has not yet been quoted for the Derby, whilst there is no anti-post betting on the Oaks in these days. If there were an Oaks market it is quite certain that Torchlight would be a pronounced favourite, as she undoubtedly showed herself to be the best of the two-year-old fillies last season. I think that "30 to 1" would be about the right price for the double event to which I have referred. I do not suppose that you will find any bookmaker willing to lay you more than 8 to 1 about Kennymore for the Derby, or more than 4 to 1 about Torchlight for the Oaks.

The Flying Grey Colt

The fact that The Tetrarch is under public suspicion has effectually stifled for the moment all desire to bet on the Derby. What enormous interest will attach to the first reappearance in public of Captain McCalmont's wonderful grey colt, which will probably be at the Newbury meeting. Next week I hope to be able to give a few impressions of the racing at Nice, where many well-known English sporting people are now assembled. The chief meeting at home this week is at Hurst Park, where the Mole Hurdle Race on Friday may be won by **Ballykisteen** and the Novices' Steeplechase by **Valentine Maher.** On the following day **Masindi** is my selection for the Novices Hurdle Race and **Covertcoat** for the Open Steeplechase.

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The starting handle has gone from the new 35 h.p. Lancia car. Its electrical engine-starter, operated by a single small pedal, is positive in its action and unfailing in its reliability. Every lighting combination is controlled, without wires, from the steering wheel. The plant is as much an integral part of the chassis design as the gear box. Effective simplicity and absolute dependability are the dominant notes. Every accessory has its place, and no accessory has been forgotten.

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ALPINE TEST

Under Official Observation of the Royal Automobile Club.

SUMMARY.

¶ Mileage covered, 2,106·5 miles.

¶ Alpine Climbing, 70,000 feet.

¶ Hairpin corners negotiated on the Alps, 971.

¶ Petrol consumption, 18·09 m.p.g.

¶ Radiator not replenished throughout the trial.

¶ No involuntary stop.

¶ Speed at Brooklands 62·61 miles per hour.

¶ These plain statements summarize the results of this famous trial which was commenced on September 13 last, and which has occasioned such comment throughout the world.

¶ An identical model will be exhibited on Stand 44 at the Manchester Show, and all are invited to inspect this last word in six-cylinder construction, and also to arrange for trial run.

¶ Remember! the Napier is the original six-cylinder car—others are merely copies.

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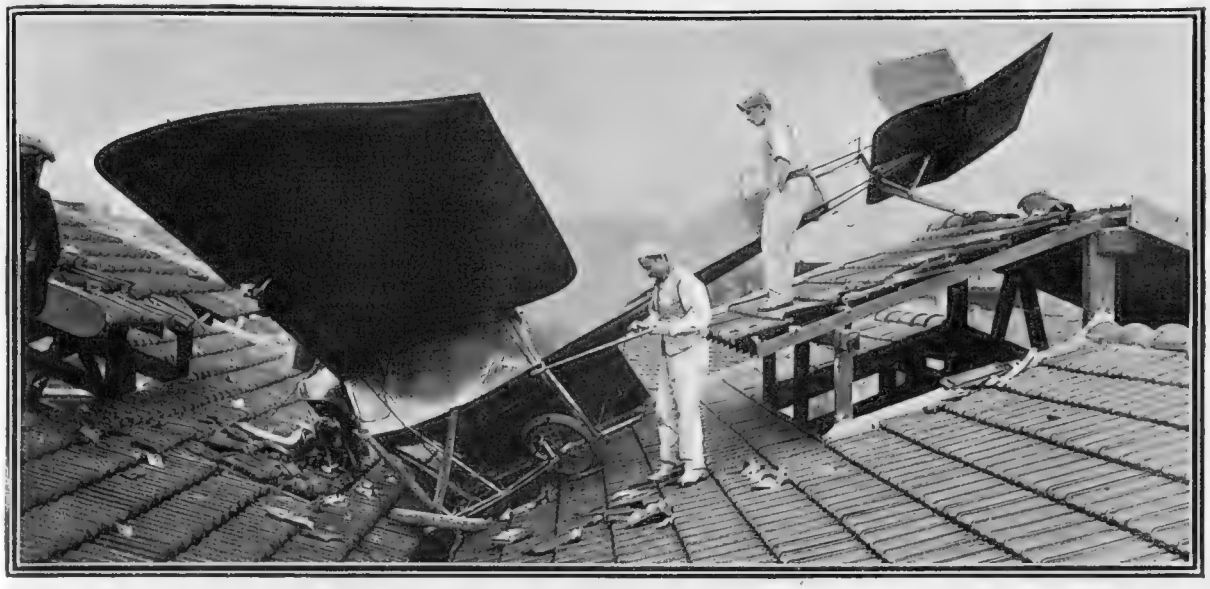


M. GIBERT'S AEROPLANE AFTER AN UNFORTUNATE LANDING

M. Gibert, who took part in the Circuit of Europe race, had an unfortunate mishap recently as seen above. Having flown from Issy to Paris he was forced to come down upon a roof in the Rue St. Charles, happily without injury to himself

MOTORING: BY LAND, SEA, and SKY

BY ALEX. J. M. GRAY

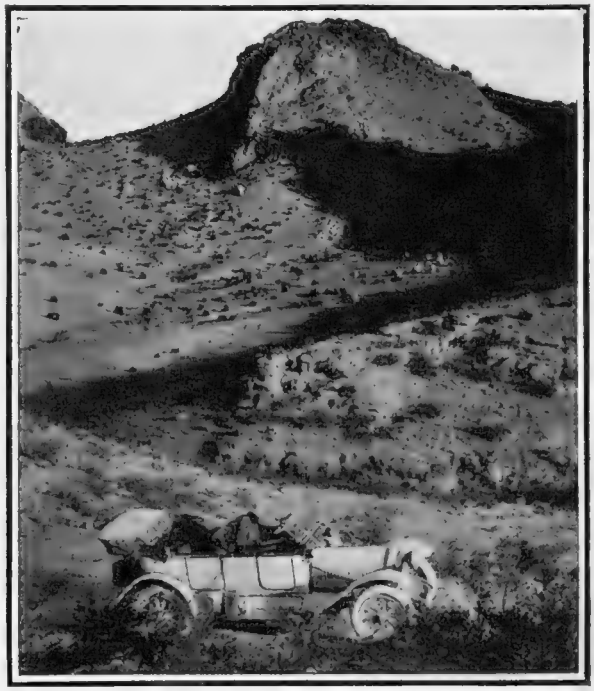
Touching the Manchester Show

At any rate, congratulations to the Committee of the Manchester Motor Show upon the swift decision and action that has made an exhibition sufficiently comprehensive for the purpose, out of a desolation wrought by the militants. Already I have referred to the fact that an act of incendiarism on the part of gentle ladies struggling with policemen for the vote reduced to nothingness the show place fixed for the annual motor display in Cottonopolis; and for a time it was a mooted matter that the show could not be held. But the hard-jowled determination of the local trade association, set upon having its exhibition if it died for it (as some of its members may, because, on their own admission, there is more loss than profit in it), found a way out, and half a show is now being held in the City Hall instead of the whole show which otherwise would have happened at Rusholme. Therefore, the North of England motorist who is popularly supposed to be holding back on the purchase of his new car until he has his own show at which to make his choice, can satisfy himself this week. He will not find an enormous range of vehicles, so that the job of inspection will be handsomely reduced for him; but he will find representative cars of practically every make available to the English market, and among these he can browse very profitably awhile. The show is now on, and will so remain until the week-end. At least I am safe in the recommendation to—"walk up."

Curing Rain-Blurred Screens

Here, although as yet I have no intimacy with it, is a possible palliative for the ever-potential peril of the blurred screen. There are any number of preparations on the market for all of which curative properties for this particular complaint are claimed; but how often have we got them when we want them? Practically invariably it is a case of tilting the screen and looking over or through; which, when you are driving against rain, robs you of your just measure of protection against weather. The Auto Ventilator claims for itself the solution of the problem. It is an

The spark of the new Hobson (Pognon) Plug varies in length in proportion to the engine speed, and is thus *always* at its *maximum* efficiency. The Plug is practically everlasting. H. M. Hobson, Ltd., 29, Vauxhall Bridge Rd., London, S.W.



A WHITE PETROL CAR

In the picturesque valley of the Upper Rio Grande River, Mexico. The difficulties of motoring in this part of the world are quite apparent!

adjunct to its wind-screen held in place by ball-bearing metal uprights, remains automatically fixed in any position, is rattleless, opens and closes instantly, gives a clear view of the road all the time without admitting rain, and costs 35s., including fitting to your own screen. Goslett and Co., 127, Charing Cross Road, is responsible for it.

A Particular Engine-Starter

Touching engine-starters. I am asked if the Rushmore is as good as any. It is—and better than some. What the name of Rushmore stood for in acetylene lighting it will stand for in engine-starting. At present it is not greatly known in this country, and not, being comparatively new, in very wide use. There is little doubt, however, that presently it will be as common an item in first-class car equipment as the lamp, its forerunner, used to be. That, being prophecy, is dangerous; but I am content, knowing the starter, to risk the result.

THE ACME OF LUXURY

A magnificently appointed Sheffield Simplex limousine supplied to Mr. J. F. Agar by Messrs. Walter Engall and Co., of 3, Leicester Street, Leicester Square, W.C.

In Protest Against the Cut-Out

The fair warning recently issued by the Automobile Association upon the subject of the cut-out has not converted all its members yet—never will, I suspect, despite the proper emphasis laid in the warning upon the fact that all right-thinking motorists regard a cut-out on the road as bad form. The appeal, however, is not to the right-thinking motorist; and the wrong-thinking motorist has his own idea of form. Therefore the recommendation has not wholly had its desired effect, to which the witness of my own eyes and ears attest. That is to say, I have to-day encountered two motorists, each mounting the famous badge, and each possessed of a cut-out and the itch to use it. With these and their brethren the law must take its course until a new law arrives to ban the cut-out altogether by which time, happily, the last of the cut-outs, legitimately fitted to old cars for purposes of power, will be dead.

The greatest testimony to the efficiency of the KLAXON as a warning signal, is that over sixty car manufacturers have adopted it as part of their standard equipment.—THE KLAXON CO., LTD., 41, Great Portland Street, London, W.

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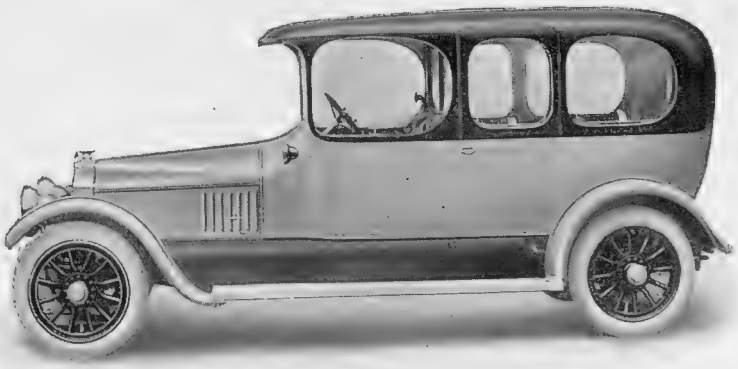

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which fancy can conceive or the cheque book command is this Vauxhall-Kingsborne limousine. The coachwork is of a method of construction to which special advantages attach; the chassis is the superb 35 h.p. Vauxhall six-cylinder. Particulars of this and other carriages suitable for winter use, instantly or shortly obtainable, furnished on request.

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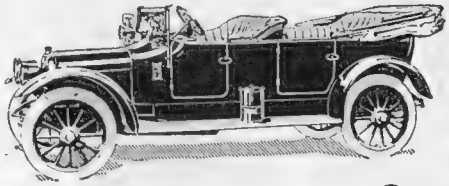

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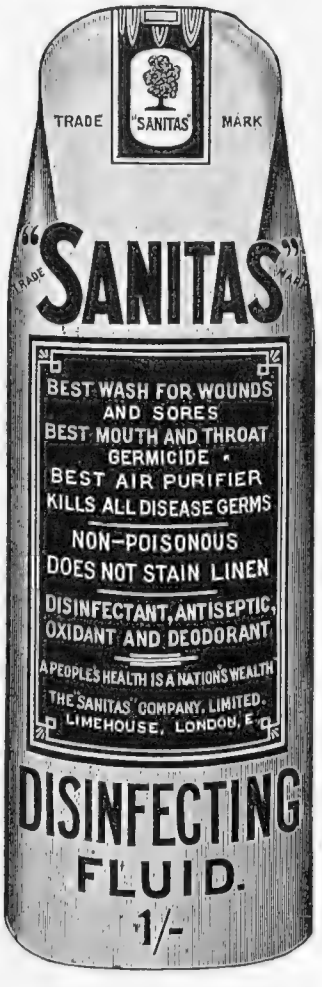

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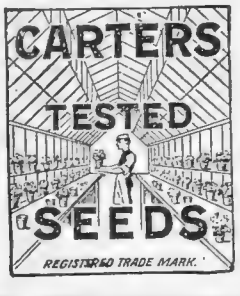

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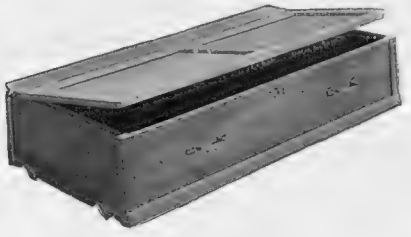

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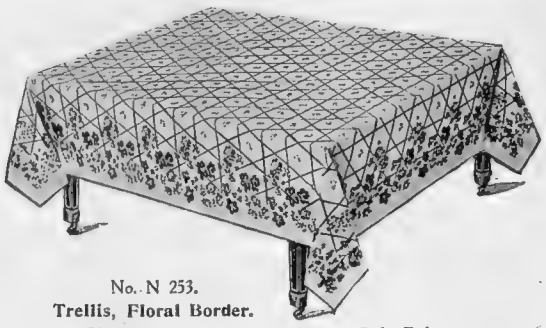

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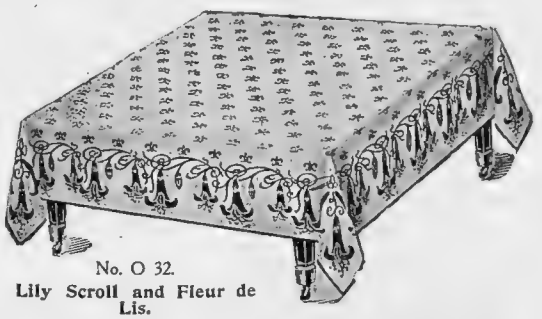
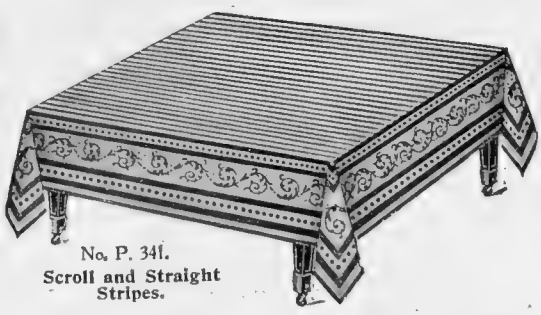


No. O 32.
Lily Scroll and Fleur de Lis.

Cloths.	Sale Prices.
2 by 2 yards	10/- each.
2 „ 2½ „	12/6 „
2 „ 3 „	15/- „
2½ „ 2½ „	16/- „
2½ „ 3 „	19/- „
2½ by 3½ yards	22/3 each.
2½ „ 4 „	25/6 „
Napkins.	
Breakfast Size	11/9 doz.
Dinner „	15/6 „



No. P. 341.
Scroll and Straight Stripes.

Cloths.	Sale Prices.
2 by 2 yards	12/9 each
2 „ 2½ „	16/- „
2 „ 3 „	19/3 „
2½ „ 2½ „	21/- „
2½ „ 3 „	25/3 „
2½ by 3½ yards	29/6 each.
2½ „ 4 „	33/9 „
Napkins.	
Dinner Size	20/9 doz.

No. 685.
Greek Key Border and Plain Stripes.

Cloths.	Sale Prices.
2 by 2 yards	15/3 each.
2 „ 2½ „	19/- „
2 „ 3 „	22/6 „
2½ „ 2½ „	24/6 „
2½ „ 3 „	29/6 „
2½ by 3½ yards	34/6 each.
2½ „ 4 „	39/- „
Napkins.	
Breakfast Size	22/6 doz.
Dinner „	29/6 „

No. 935.
Acanthus Foliage and Classical Figures from the Portland Vase.

Cloths.	Sale Prices.
2 by 2 yards	19/6 each.
2 „ 2½ „	25/- „
2 „ 3 „	30/- „
2½ „ 2½ „	34/3 „
2½ „ 3 „	41/- „
2½ „ 3½ yards	47/6 each.
2½ „ 4 „	54/6 „
Napkins.	
Dinner Size	40/- doz.

No. 91.
Ribbon Knot and Trellis.
Made in two Qualities.

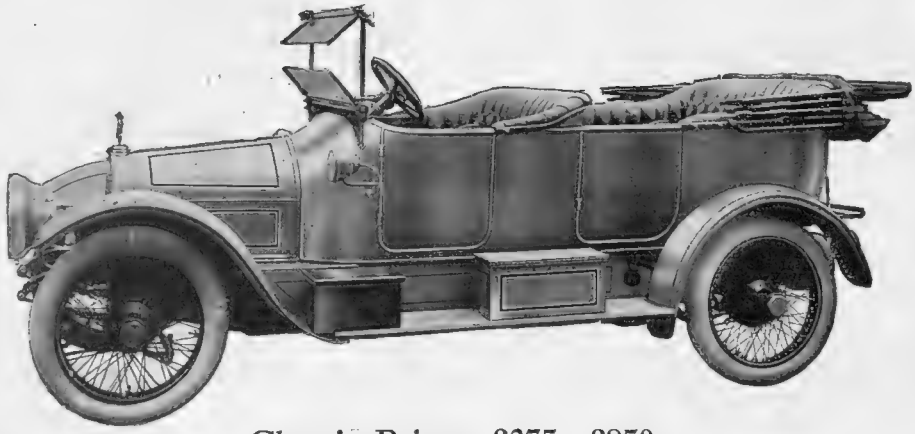
Cloths.	B	A
2 by 2 yards	19/6	33/- each.
2 „ 2½ „	25/-	41/6 „
2 „ 3 „	30/-	49/- „
2½ „ 2½ „	34/3	55/9 „
2½ „ 3 „	41/-	66/9 „
2½ by 3½ yards	47/6	78/3 each.
2½ „ 4 „	54/6	90/- „
Napkins.		dozen.
Breakfast Size	29/-	42/6
Dinner „	40/-	63/-

Sale Catalogue on request.

WALPOLE BROTHERS, Ltd. 89 & 90, NEW BOND ST., W.

ARMSTRONG WHITWORTH

Sir W. G. ARMSTRONG, WHITWORTH & Co., Ltd.,
Elswick Works, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
London: 3, Blenheim St., Bond St.
Manchester: 114, Deansgate.



Chassis Prices, £375—£850.

STAND 22,

THE MANCHESTER MOTOR EXHIBITION,

JANUARY 9—17.

BAYARD

"The First-Grade Car—without the First-Grade Price"

Like its famous name-sake, the BAYARD is "without fear and without reproach." It does not fear the stiffest gradient or the worst roads, and its design and manufacture leave no room for reproach from the severest critic.

MODELS AND PRICES.

8 h.p. 4-cyl., 60 x 120, 2-seater torpedo from	£210
10 h.p. 4-cyl., 65 x 120, 4-seater torpedo from	£260
12 h.p. 4-cyl., 70 x 130, 4-seater torpedo with 5 detachable Sankey wheels and tyres from	£315
14 h.p. 4-cyl., 80 x 130, torpedo body fitted with hood, screen, 5 lamps, horn, 5 detachable Sankey wheels and tyres (one non-skid)	£385

STAND 69, MANCHESTER MOTOR SHOW.

BAYARD CARS LTD., 98, High Street, Marylebone, LONDON, W.

Telegrams—"Clembayar, Baker, London." Telephone—Mayfair 3513.

The All British
Standard Light Car

THERE is nothing small about the Standard Light Car—except the price and its running costs.

It contains ample room for two—and the measure of convenience and comfort is that of a full-sized touring car. The 4-cyl. engine (9.5 h.p.) provides plenty of power and pace. Yet the entire cost of running and maintenance is extremely low—less than 2d. per mile including tyres, petrol, greases, insurance, repairs, etc.

Price £195 Complete.

Please write for full details to—

The Standard Motor Co., Ltd., Coventry.

London Agents:
The Pytchley Autocar Co., Ltd.,
216, Gt. Portland St., W.

Corsets at Nearly Cost Price

LAST year, but all the same only a few weeks ago, it will, perhaps, be recalled I was talking about the Grecian silhouette in connection with a corset model at the London Corset Company, 11, Hanover Street, W. Well, there is a sale now proceeding in these *salons* where this much-sought-after possession has stepped down from 5 to 4 guineas. Without drawing any invidious comparisons, it may be safely said that this is distinctly one of the best designs built in accordance with the latest decree, with the busk slightly curved, to be found anywhere. Then a similar reduction occurs in the case of the newest elastic belt, which is extremely long below the waist, with scarcely anything above, and which is proclaimed by one and all who have essayed it as the perfection of comfort. Ordinarily 4 gns., during the sale three will be accepted.

Marked Down

Any corsets in the slightest degree soiled the London Corset Company are marking down regardless of cost, and, needless to say, there is plenty of choice for those who have not yet accepted the curved busk. It is well worth bearing in mind, too, that all the corsets sold here are made in Paris, by artistes, whose rôle in life is to render still more divine the female human form. The authorities here are continually over in Paris, and no departure escapes their vigilant eye. But they exercise at the same time a wise discretion, which is by no means the least of their many valuable assets. Included in the sale are blouses and just a few model gowns and *lingerie* dresses. As it is necessary these should be cleared out of the way, they are marked down to give-away prices; in fact, it may be said that the bargain spirit is rampant at 11, Hanover Street.

A Smart Visiting Gown

There has never been a moment when the visiting toilette presented wider opportunities. The one forming the subject of the first illustration is a case in point. For the skirt there is requisitioned a soft silk *crêpe* in a tender violet shade, to which is toned the *velour frappé* for the coat, completed by a soft shaped frill of *ninon*, a collar and muff of zibiline completing the scheme.

The Handyman Wagon

It is impossible in the limited space at my command to do anything like adequate justice to the Battleship Teakwood Furniture for house and garden to be seen at Hughes, Bolckow and Co., 10, Dover Street. The firm's garden furniture is already well known, and fully appreciated as sound, artistic, and practical. Their "Collingwood" set, comprising a table and four chairs, the latter deftly contrived to fit closely round the table when not in use, is a really supreme piece of genius; while to ensure the set being always clean a waterproof cover is arranged to slip over the whole. But in any

Photograph *Felix, Paris*

MLLE. MARCELLE LEUDER

Of the Théâtre des Varietés, Paris, in a wonderful creation, which is the work of the Maison Doucet

case the teakwood being used in a natural state, no atmospheric conditions can effect it.

The really beautiful markings of this wood, however, can only be appreciated when it is submitted to a polishing process, a treatment that in response to many requests Hughes and Bolckow have applied to some singularly fine pieces of indoor furniture. Each article is made by hand and with the same infinite care as rendered famous the delightful country-made furniture of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The periods carefully followed are the Jacobean, William and Mary, and Georgian, and comprise such pieces as a Northumberland dresser, gate-leg tables, a grandfather's clock, writing bureau, etc. A really capital idea is the "Stowaway," a long low box of Battleship Teakwood, 3ft. 10in. by 2ft. wide and 10½in. high, fitted with four castors, so that it can be slipped under any bed.

The Crepe de Chine Blouse

In spite of the fact that most seductive sale prices are the ruling order of the day at Walpole Bros., 89-90, New Bond Street, the blouses are of a supremely covetable order, and emphasise the invariable good taste and style so intimately associated with all that emanates from this highly esteemed establishment. among many fascinating designs of a like *recherché* character is the model seen on this page, and although the picture affords a speaking idea of the charming construction, it is necessary to see and handle the dainty thing fully to appreciate the splendid quality of the heavy-weight *crêpe de Chine*, of which it is fashioned, and the delicious contrast effected by the delicate rambler pink of the *crêpe de Chine* and the soft Saxe blue of the pleated chiffon frills. The latter are adorned with an *entredeux* of embroidery at the hem, which yet further enhances the exquisite colour scheme. A graceful *zouave* effect is imparted by the manner in which the long sleeve is set into a deep armhole with a delicate hand veining, the latter repeated at a given interval to emphasise the *mouvement*. This model can

A DAINTY BLOUSE
In crêpe de Chine, of a delicate rambler pink, with Saxe-blue pleated chiffon frills
Sketched at WALPOLE BROS., by M. MARCHANT

The contents of Hamptons' 68-page Sale Catalogue prove conclusively that the values in high-class HOUSE FURNISHINGS now securable at Hamptons' are not equalled anywhere else.

TO-DAY and until 24th inst.

HAMPTONS GREAT January SALE

Furniture, Carpets, Curtains, Linen.

Everyone, therefore, who seeks supreme values in HOUSE FURNISHINGS should, in their own interest, immediately get a copy of Hamptons' Sale Catalogue, Sent free.

FABRICS

AT LESS THAN HALF PRICE.

For illustrations of the following, see pages 46 to 52 of Hamptons' Sale Catalogue, sent free.

160 Designs of our Standard Quality PRINTED LINENS, TAFFETAS, and CRETONNES at following reductions.

	Usually	Clearing		Usually	Clearing
50 in. printed Linens	5/6	2/11 yd.	50 in. printed Cretonnes	5/11	2/11½ yd.
,, ,, Taffetas	5/6	1/11½ ,,	,, ,, Linens	5/11	3/6 ,,
,, ,, Cretonnes	5/6	2/11 ,,	,, ,, Taffetas	5/11	3/11 ,,

"Sunland" Casement Fabrics. 18,000 yards at half price. Hamptons' standard qualities. All newest colours, guaranteed unfadeable to sunlight or washing.
K1 Very fine quality, 31 in. wide. Usual price 1/5. Sale Price 8½d.
K2 Very heavy quality, 31 in. wide. Usual price 1/5. Sale Price 8½d.
K3 Fine quality mercerised, 31 in. wide. In Cream, Greys, Greens, Blues, Mauves, Pink, etc., etc. Usual Price 1/9½ yard. Sale Price 10½d. yard.
A4710 6800 yards Glazed Chintz or Cretonne, 31 in. wide sweet pea design. Usual price 1/2½ yd. Sale Price 4/6 per doz. yds.

No shorter length cut. Any length exceeding 12 yds. will be supplied.

K98 100 pairs plain Hopsack Bedroom Curtains, trimmed border one side and bottom. In Pink, Light Blue, Dark Blue, Green, Grey and Cream, 4ft. x 10ft. Usual price, per pair £1 3s. 6d. Sale Price 12/9
Lined Cream Bolton Sheeting, 6/6 pair extra.

CARPETS.

Lot A. SEAMLESS AXMINSTERS at a saving of 2s. 3d. per square yard.

These are of the best British manufacture. We guarantee them to be of the regular standard quality and perfect in every respect. There is a great variety of designs and colours. *For coloured illustration, see page 33 of Hamptons' Sale Catalogue, sent free. Sizes and prices as follows:*

ft. in.	ft. in.	Regular price	Reduced to	ft. in.	ft. in.	Regular price	Reduced to
6 0 x	6 0 ..	£1 14 0	£1 5 0	13 6 x	9 0 ..	£5 15 0	£4 4 6
7 6 x	6 0 ..	2 2 6	1 11 6	13 6 x	10 6 ..	6 14 0	4 18 6
9 0 x	4 6 ..	1 18 6	1 8 0	13 6 x	12 0 ..	7 13 0	5 12 6
9 0 x	6 0 ..	2 11 0	1 17 6	13 6 x	13 6 ..	8 12 6	6 7 0
9 0 x	9 0 ..	3 16 6	2 16 6	15 0 x	10 6 ..	7 9 0	5 9 6
10 6 x	6 0 ..	2 19 6	2 4 0	15 0 x	12 0 ..	8 10 0	6 5 0
10 6 x	7 6 ..	3 14 6	2 15 0	15 0 x	13 6 ..	9 11 6	7 1 0
10 6 x	9 0 ..	4 9 6	3 6 0	16 6 x	13 6 ..	10 10 6	7 15 0
10 6 x	10 6 ..	5 4 0	3 16 6	16 6 x	15 0 ..	11 14 0	8 12 0
12 0 x	6 0 ..	3 8 0	2 10 0	18 0 x	13 6 ..	11 9 6	8 9 0
12 0 x	9 0 ..	5 2 0	3 15 0	18 0 x	15 0 ..	12 15 0	9 7 0
12 0 x	10 6 ..	5 19 0	4 7 6	19 6 x	13 6 ..	12 9 0	9 3 0
12 0 x	12 0 ..	6 16 0	5 0 0				

For thousands of other unequalled Bargains in High-Class Furniture, Carpets, Fabrics, Curtains, Linen, Wall-Papers, Screens, Pianos, Fine Arts, China, Ironmongery, etc., see the Illustrated Sale Catalogue of

HAMPTON & SONS, Ld., Pall Mall East, LONDON, S.W.

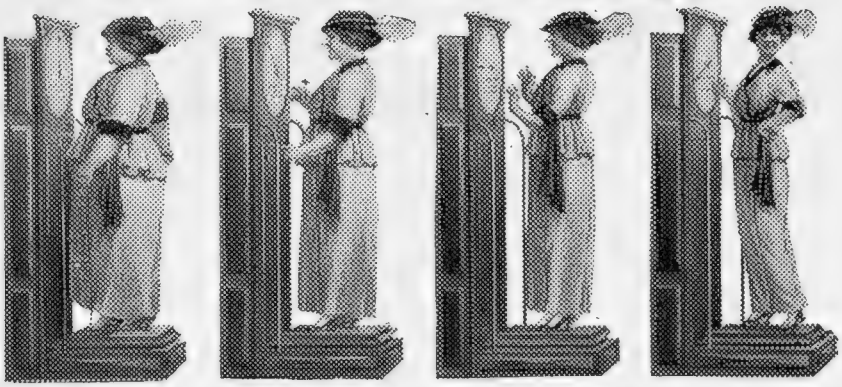
CUSTOMERS in the PROVINCES are reminded that Hamptons' Clearance Reductions enable them to save, many times over, the cost of a visit to London.

THE WORLD-FAMED
ANGELUS
GRAND & UPRIGHT
PLAYER PIANOS
AS SUPPLIED TO HIS LATE MAJESTY KING EDWARD VII.
The perfection of both Piano and Player.
The perfect command of all the resources of the instrument;
The sympathetic touch; and
The individuality the Pianist is able to impart to the music
are all achieved by the marvellous and unique patented Angelus Expression Devices:
THE MELODANT, which accentuates the Melody or Theme.
THE PHRASING LEVER, which controls every variation of Tempo.
THE ARTISTYLE the simple but infallible guide to musical rendition.
The Angelus Player-Pianos comprise Grand and Upright Pianos of the most artistic character, including MARSHALL & ROSE, BRINSMEAD, WINKELMANN, SQUIRE, etc., etc.
THE SUPERB ENGLISH PIANO
Marshall & Rose
GRAND AND UPRIGHT
PIANOFORTES
FOR SPLENDOUR OF TONE AND PERFECTLY RESPONSIVE TOUCH ARE UNRIVALLED.
Easy Payments can be arranged to suit the convenience of purchasers.
INSTRUMENTS TAKEN IN EXCHANGE and good value allowed.
KINDLY CALL OR WRITE FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE, No. 79.

Sir Herbert Marshall & Sons Ltd
Dept 79 Angelus Hall, Regent House,
233 REGENT ST., LONDON, W.

SHOOLBRED'S
Tailor-made Shirts
Known and worn all over the world.
THE DORSET STOCK TIE.
As on Figure in illustration, in Satin, Black, and leading Colours 3/9
MADE TO MEASURE ONLY, by expert Shirt Tailors, in the Men's Dept.
They are made with Collar Bands for wear with "Stock" Ties — or with separate "Polo" Collars, as illustrated.

Made in
CREPE SILKS - - 31/6
SPUN SILKS - 17/6 to 35/-
TAFFETA - - 21/- to 29/6
ENGLISH POPLIN - 27/6
SPUNELLA - 19/6 to 27/6
QUEEN'S WEAR - - 15/6
CASHMERE FLANNEL 15/6
GAUZE CASHMERE - 15/6
CEYLON FLANNEL - 12/6
VIYELLA - - - - 11/6
OXFORD - - - - 9/6
ZEPHYR - - - - 8/6
PLEASE WRITE For
PATTERNS and SELF-MEASUREMENT FORMS.
TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, LONDON, W.

THE PICTURE SHOWS YOU HOW ELEGANCE OF FORM CAN BE REGAINED.
The Text Tells You How Health Can Be Regained.

How 4 Bottles of PILULES APOLLO, the Celebrated French Cure for Obesity, Reduced 25 lbs. of Superfluous Flesh in 32 Days.

Such a thing appears incredible, and yet it is a fact, and can be easily proved. If you are out of breath after the slightest exertion; and follow a strict diet, and have to endure the sneers and jokes which your adipose tissue excites, You, Madam, whose silhouette is exactly the opposite of what elegance and the dictates of fashion ordain: You, Sir, who are handicapped in the struggle for life by obesity, which interferes with your movements: do not despair; you will soon be as brisk and alert as ever, and will be able to follow the fashion, and live in freedom and comfort. In short, A NEW LIFE IS IN STORE FOR YOU. PILULES APOLLO WILL ABSOLUTELY CURE without the least possibility of a relapse.

There are other remedies in existence; other methods which may perhaps reduce your weight for a time, but PILULES APOLLO can only *completely* and *permanently* make you slim and graceful. That is because other methods and medicines, although they may indeed be flesh-reducing, are also harmful, and do nothing towards preventing a recurrence of the evil.

PILULES APOLLO have a twofold effect: they reduce fat and at the same time strengthen the nervous system and aid the process of digestion and assimilation of food. The skin, instead of being pale and flabby, becomes smooth and rosy, showing that the blood is in a pure and healthy condition.

PILULES APOLLO are not only a wonderful fat-reducing medicine; they eliminate the dangerous excess of adipose, and by strengthening the muscles, prevent its re-formation.

Sold by all Chemists and Drug Stores, Price 6/-; or can be obtained post free from the London Agents. Send for Monsieur Ratis (the famous French Chemist's) Treatise on Obesity, post free from the London Agents, HEPPELL & CO., Pharmacists and Foreign Chemists, 26, Piccadilly, W.

also be had in white *crêpe de Chine* with the same Saxe blue frills, the sale price in both expressions standing at the same moderate sum of 65*s.* 9*d.*

The Long Magyar Sleeve

A delicious little model is carried out in a similarly heavy weight white *crêpe de Chine,* the upper part arranged with a deep shoulder yoke edged *soutache* braid, the same dainty trimming outlining the scolloped edge of the falling collar. The *pièce de résistance* of the scheme, however, is a heavy lacing used to fasten the fronts, a similar treatment being accorded the cuffs. The sale price of 53*s.* 6*d.* adds yet another inducement to the acquisition of this immensely smart confection. A notably successful model has long Magyar sleeves, cut in one with the body part, the front trimmed *filet* lace, opening upon kerchief folds of white chiffon, a *chic* little black *tulle* bow finishing the throat. In white or that lovely rambler-pink *crêpe de Chine,* the sale price of this really adorable blouse stands at 65*s.* 9*d.* Messrs. Walpole, however, start a long range of the daintiest, prettiest *crêpe de Chine* blouses at 35*s.* 9*d.*, and there is, too, a simply sweet heavy-weight pale pink Japanese silk shirt, with a most original little step collar arrangement, the fronts closing with large pearl buttons, only 29*s.* 6*d.*, the same style in white coming out at 25*s.* 9*d.*

Exceptional Bargains in Satinwood Furniture

During the last ten days or so Messrs. Gill and Reigate, of Soho Galleries fame, have been holding a clearance sale of genuine antique and modern furniture, carpets, rugs, antique glass and china, and artistic furnishing draperies and fittings. There has been nothing slack about the momentous proceedings, and visitors from all parts of the country are proudly boasting of the wonderful bargains they have been fortunate enough to secure, wherefore should all who have delayed a journey to 73-85, Oxford Street, do so no longer, as the sale opportunity closes on the 24th inst.

Bureau and Other Bookcases

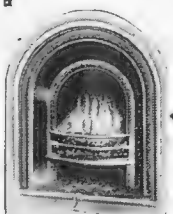
A remarkably good selection of *bureaux* and bookcases forms another attractive feature of this remarkably good sale, one very special offer being found in a mahogany bureau bookcase, with lattice doors and numerous drawers and receptacles for papers, etc., reduced to £27 10*s.*, a 3ft. Sheraton bureau bookcase going for £21. Sideboards of every kind and description are prominently to the fore, while no matter in what direction taste runs in regard to grandfathers' clocks, it is certain to be satisfactorily met in the splendid choice now obtaining at Gill and Reigate's. Many of these are genuine old English clocks, the works in every instance being of tested excellence. A number of odd Chippendale and Hepplewhite chairs, suitable for bedrooms, range from £1 15*s.*, and there are several handsome cheval glasses in antique shape and design.

Genuine Old China

Connoisseurs will have no difficulty in recognising the genuine character of the antique china included in this sale of sales, beautiful blue and white spode plates, Rockingham vases, Stafford figures, and Lustre sugar basins being just a few of the rare specimens to claim universal attention and admiration.

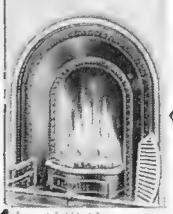
NEW STOVES for OLD

This is no mere figure of Speech. The adaptability of the HUE makes it possible for you to convert your old-style grate into a modern Barless, coal-saving Fire.



This old-fashioned stove was the subject of a recent careful test. In 13½ hours it consumed 74 lbs. Household coal, and required considerable attention. It was converted into a Hue Barless Fire (as shown below), consumed only 32 lbs. coal *to produce equal heat,* and required little attention.

This is the HUE Fire which you should have installed in your house. No need to pull down mantelpieces or remove the present stove. Price from **15s.,** which is quickly saved by the reduced coal bill.

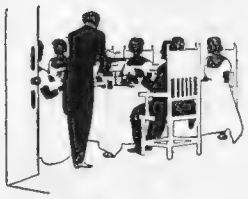


How different this Fire is from the one shown at top, and yet it is the same stove, *but with the Hue adapted.* This Fire warms the room instead of the chimney, is more cheerful, and burns for hours without attention. The HUE is clean, hygienic and absolutely safe. It has been installed in thousands of private houses and adopted by the principal Railways, Hotels and Institutions.

POST FREE Illustrated booklet, giving full particulars of the HUE FIRE, showing how it is fixed, cost, and other important points. Send a postcard now to—

YOUNG & MARTEN, Ltd.,
Dept. B, Stratford, London, E.

Do not be misled by so-called adaptable Barless Fires, which by their very construction can never be satisfactory. The word 'HUE" is cast on every genuine.



EVEN if you had never tasted it, you could know that **LEA & PERRINS'** is the best Worcestershire sauce in the world—because it has more imitators than any other.

The bottle and the label are often counterfeited—and so are the contents.

The imitations are handed to people who call for "*Worcestershire.*" The genuine is handed to those who call distinctly for "Lea & Perrins."

The White Writing on the Red Label:

Lea & Perrins

indicates the ORIGINAL and GENUINE WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE.

62

By the removal of the nasal hump—

A real handsome face is created.

A Beautiful Face

is a silent recommendation. Everyone knows what a great advantage it is to be endowed by Nature with regular features and a perfect skin.

IF YOU ARE CONSCIOUS

of any imperfection in the appearance of your face, nose or neck, you will be well advised to investigate at once the possibilities of the WILLI TREATMENTS, which were introduced to London a few years ago by Mr. Willi as the outcome of many years of patient study and practice on the Continent and in the United States of America. Results which are really wonderful are daily achieved by Mr. Willi, the nature of some of which may be gathered from the photographs given here.

These people, as well as many others, are so grateful for the improvements effected in their appearance that they have voluntarily offered to attend at the Willi Institute for the purpose of testifying personally to the efficacy of the treatment.

CONSULTATIONS DAILY from 10 to 6.

Write for free descriptive booklet to

Facial contour restored and lines removed.

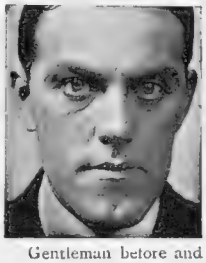
Oblique nose.

The same nose perfectly straightened.

Before and after treatment.

A "Potato Nose." Before—

—And after.



Gentleman before and after my treatment.

C. H. WILLI, Institute of Facial Perfection,

475, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W. (One Minute from Marble Arch.)

The Sure Way

to escape **Sore-throat, Hoarseness & Loss of Voice** is to resort to **Throatlets** at the first sign of Throat trouble.

MR. MARTIN HARVEY says:—
"I have used them for some time—always with great benefit."

Throatlets contain **Thoralin**—the wonderful Throat Germicide which gives soothing ease and lasting benefit in all cases of **Throat Trouble, Asthma, Catarrh, Bronchitis**, and kindred ailments.

Don't accept a substitute—the Proprietors will supply you post free for 1/1½ if your Chemist cannot.

Throatlets, Ltd. (Dept. N 2), West India House, Liverpool

Sold by Chemists everywhere in boxes at

1/1½d

or sent direct, post paid, on receipt of price.

THE

LONDON GLOVE COMPANY'S

GLOVES and HOSIERY FOR EVENING WEAR.

LONDON'S BEST VALUE.

The "OPERETTA." — **Ladies' Real Kid Gloves,** in White, Cream or Black.
12 B. length mousquetaire **3/11** per pair.
16 B. ,, ditto **4/11** ,, ,,
20 B. ,, ditto **6/11** ,, ,,

The "ESME" Ladies' Superior quality Real Kid Gloves, in White, Cream, Biscuit, Greys, Pink, Sky, Heliotrope, Primrose or Black

12 B. length mousquetaire **4/11** per pair.

16 B. length mousquetaire (in White, Cream, or Black) **6/6** per pair

16 B. length in light shades as above **6/11** per pair.

20 B. length in White, Cream or Biscuit, Greys, Pink, Sky, Heliotrope, Primrose or Black **8/11** per pair

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The Menu: Some Dainty Ways of Cooking Potatoes

Potatoes in Cases
Potato Croquettes
Potatoes with Parmesan Cheese
Potatoes à la Mode
Potato Omelette
Potato Straws

Potatoes in Cases

Take as many potatoes as may be required and bake them, cut a small piece from the top of each, or, if preferred, slit down one side, and with a spoon carefully scoop out the insides. Mash them smoothly, and mix with the potato 1 oz. of butter and a gill of cream or milk. Put it into a stewpan over a slow fire, and stir in quickly the whites of two eggs whipped to a very stiff froth; fill the potato-skins with the mixture, bake in the oven until the tops are a golden brown, and serve.

Potato Croquettes

Boil some potatoes and mash them smoothly; season them with salt and white pepper; stir in 1½ oz. of butter and two tablespoonfuls of cream. After having stirred well over the fire, turn the potato on to a plate, let it get cool, and then roll into balls, sprinkle over them crushed vermicelli, or egg and breadcrumb them. Fry in boiling fat a pale brown.

Potatoes with Parmesan Cheese

Mash some potatoes smoothly, and stir into them two well-beaten eggs. Put them into a china fire-proof dish, and shape them high in the form of a dome. Sprinkle some grated Parmesan well over, and small pieces of butter at intervals well over the potato, bake in the oven till the shape is a golden brown.

Potatoes à la Mode

Peel some potatoes, and cut them in slices lengthways, half an inch thick, dry them in a cloth. Fry them in boiling fat for ten minutes, then take them out and let them get cold. Boil the fat up again, and when boiling put in the potatoes and fry them for four minutes, when they should come out perfectly dry and a pale gold colour, and much swollen. Sprinkle with salt, and serve quickly.

Potato Omelette

Break open a large hot baked potato and scoop out the inside. Beat this till smooth, and mix with it a little pepper, salt, a dessertspoonful of lemon-juice, and the yolks of three eggs. Just before frying the omelette, add the whites of the eggs beaten to a froth. Garnish with fried parsley.

Potato Straws

Cut raw potatoes about two inches long and about one-eighth of an inch thick. Fry in boiling fat till a golden brown and crisp, drain well on a sieve in front of the fire, and serve in the centre of a dish of cutlets.

EMILIA

Hints on Home-Making

Matters pertaining to the home, right from the pantry to the pergola, are dealt with in *Ideal Homes in Town and Country*, the magazine for the house-hunter. Kennel lore, poultry notes by William H. Cook, the famous breeder, and motoring notes are among the many other interesting articles, all of which are written by experts in their own particular line. The magazine is on sale at all bookstalls, price threepence, but should any difficulty arise in securing a copy, a note to 38, Conduit Street, Regent Street, W., will receive prompt attention.

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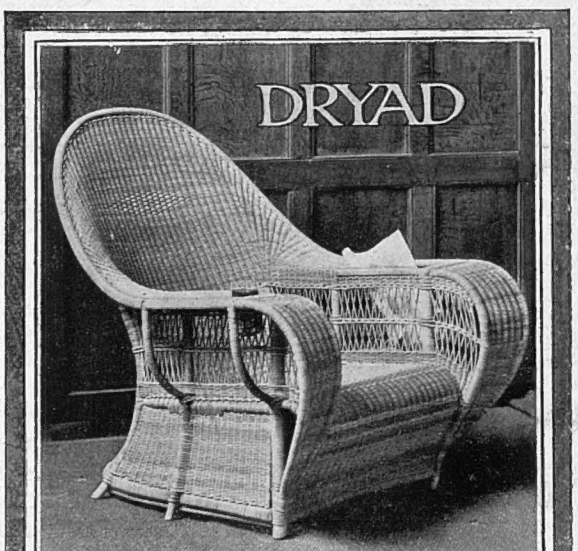

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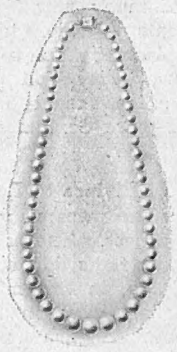

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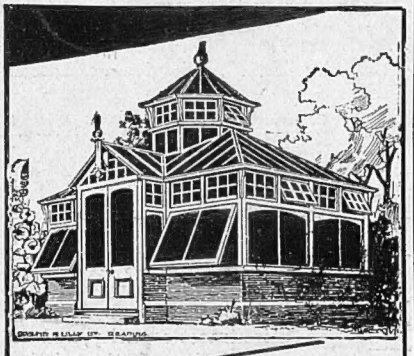

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SUMMER IN WINTER

SAIL FROM LIVERPOOL by the "IVERNIA" MARCH 7, to LISBON, GIBRALTAR, BISERTA (for Tunis), SYRACUSE, ALEXANDRIA, JAFFA (for the Holy Land) ALEXANDRIA, ATHENS VENICE, TRIESTE, FIUME, MESSINA, PALERMO, NAPLES, returning by the "CARONIA" from NAPLES APRIL 11.

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Rivierian Routes and Resting Places

Continental Travel

Those who are able to spare a few days out of England will be interested to know that the winter *trains de luxe* services of the International Sleeping Car Company are now in full swing. The famous Mediterranean express leaves Calais daily, in connection with the 11.0 a.m. train from Victoria, and the Riviera is reached in less than twenty-four hours, without change of car from Calais. There are already heavy bookings for the winter sports centres, and those desirous of visiting Egypt can proceed by the Egyptian and Peninsular expresses to the various Italian ports, and embark there. Bookings of seats for the above services must be made in advance at the company's offices, 20, Cockspur Street.

The P.L.M.

The P.L.M. Railway is both for health and pleasure in summer and in winter the paradise of the tourist. It covers a tract of ground where any climate is found. Snow in summer—sun in winter—the site of innumerable natural beauties and of many splendid monuments of the Roman and Mediæval Ages. The comfort of travellers is specially studied, the equipment in all trunk lines being of the latest types, *trains de luxe* running in summer and winter, and special compartments or carriages being attached to the fast services between North and South. Speed is one of the best points with the P.L.M.—engines constructed so as to give the maximum of reliability.

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